

# HORROR STORIES

FEB

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TRAPPED IN A  
ROOM OF  
HORROR WITH  
THE SLAVE  
OF SATAN!

SCREAMING TERROR  
ON THE NIGHT THE  
ZOMBIES  
WALKED!

THE VAMPIRE'S  
FANGS WERE  
RED WITH  
MY WOMAN'S  
BLOOD!

ONE LAST  
DEATH  
PROWL FOR  
THE MAN WHO  
HOWLED LIKE  
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FEBRUARY 1971

# HORROR STORIES

## TRUE TALES OF THE UNKNOWN

- SCREAMING TERROR ON THE NIGHT  
 THE ZOMBIES WALKED** .....by George Bruna 10  
*Fitzgerald had it all figured out. He would turn these living  
 dead into his personal slaves*
- THE GHOST IS COMING  
 TO TAKE ME TO HELL** .....by Charles Doherty 14  
*The mansion resounded nightly with the wild screams of the  
 killer and his victim*
- THE DEVIL NEEDS YOUR SOUL** .....by Edward Hampton 26  
*She felt that God didn't return her devotion. So she gave  
 herself to a new master—Satan*

## ADVENTURES IN TERROR

- THE VAMPIRE'S FANGS WERE RED  
 WITH MY WOMAN'S BLOOD** .....by Andrew Palmer 6  
*Frank raced into the unequal battle even though he knew his  
 wife was already gone from him*
- TRAPPED IN A ROOM OF HORROR  
 WITH THE SLAVE OF SATAN** .....by T.W. Mannering 18  
*Until that fateful night, he was totally unaware of the truth  
 about himself—that he was an evil man*
- ONE LAST DEATH PROWL FOR THE MAN  
 WHO HOWLED LIKE A WOLF** .....by Michael Praetorius 22  
*This leaping, cowering, murdering creature had once been a  
 man of dignity, of honor*
- THE MAD MONSTER STRIKES AGAIN** .....by Alden Franz 30  
*The playwright claimed the sorcerer had been dead 300 years.  
 But the sorcerer didn't accept this verdict*

## SPECIAL FEATURES

- TELL US ABOUT IT** ..... 34  
*The dead don't always stay dead—as one of our readers found out  
 and wanted to share his experiences with us*
- An expert explains and discusses the occult** ..... 36
- LETTERS** ..... 36  
*Our readers speak of their own experiences with the unknown*

- ADVENTURES IN WITCHCRAFT** by Whittier Fowles, Ph.D., Sc.D. 37

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Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

# Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

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Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists right in their own homes.

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During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

**Question:** What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

**Answer:** People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

**Question:** What do you mean by a "command of good English"?

**Answer:** A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly

and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

**Question:** Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?

**Answer:** Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your thinking becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

**Question:** Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

**Answer:** No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

**Question:** Is this something new?

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**Question:** Who are some of these people?

**Answer:** The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries... almost anyone you can think of.

**Question:** How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?

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# THE VAMPIRE'S FANGS WERE RED WITH MY WOMAN'S BLOOD!

*Ramming into the clammy, vaporous vampire, Frank knew it was probably already too late to save the ravaged soul of his wife!*

by ANDREW PALMER

FRANK glanced impatiently at his watch, then down the long track that stretched into nothingness miles away. Not a train in sight. He hummed to himself, dug a cigarette out of his coat pocket, and lighting it, began to mill aimlessly around the waiting platform. It was still early in the morning, but already there were signs that it was going to turn much hotter later on—dead, suffocating heat that only an Arkansas summer can bring.

Far off in the distance, Frank heard the welcome sounds of a locomotive. He was anxious to get home. A two-week business trip in Atlanta may sound like fun, but in practice, it was something else again. Long days spent in sales conferences and even longer nights wasted in cold, antiseptic hotel rooms made Frank homesick for his small home and his beloved wife.

The train came and Frank hopped aboard, gave the conductor his ticket, and settled down for the two-hour trip that would drop him off at the tiny siding a few miles from his house.

Frank was excited. He had missed Beth so much and he gave full rein to his thoughts. He and Beth had been married only three months before the order came to relocate. They were both native New Yorkers, and the thought of moving down South to a beautiful but less-settled state like Arkansas was more than a little frightening to them. But Beth was wonderful through it all. She had taken the plain, little house the company had found for them and turned (Continued on next page)

it into a warm, comfortable hame, wallpapering, painting, sewing curtains and making everything as pleasant as possible.

But Frank was anxious to get back for quite another reason. On the train ride to Little Rock, where he would make his connection for the flight to Atlanta, Frank had run into one of the townspeople, having nothing else to do, the two men began a conversation. It started with trivial things—the comparison between New York and Arkansas weather—but then got into deeper subjects that made Frank a bit nervous.

"You live in the old Simmans' place, don't you?" his companion had said.

"Sure da," Frank had answered. "Somebody told me that the house was over one hundred years old." Then he laughed. "It looked like it hadn't been painted for two hundred."

"And your nearest neighbors are the Paracelus family," the man continued, ignoring Frank's interruption. "If I remember rightly, there's only one of them living there now. The rest have... disappeared."

"Bill Paracelus? Sure. We went fishing a couple of times. He's a nice guy. Why, what's the matter with him?"

"Nothing—nothing at all. You're new around here. The Paracelus' are an old family—been here before 1830. Settled in Pennsylvania 100 years before that. Dawn here in the South we have long memories. Have as little as possible to do with Bill Paracelus."

Frank had tried to find out more about his neighbor, but the companion chose to keep silent. They spent the rest of the trip into Little Rock talking about baseball.

The man's words had troubled Frank. But he finally shrugged them off. Southerners made fine friends, but to the Northerner

they were a bit strange. Maybe it was a result of living in small, closed societies for centuries, ignoring the rest of the world. Or perhaps, just because Frank was a Northerner he half-imagined, half-misunderstood what the man had said.

The train stopped and grabbing the small suitcase full of dirty linen, Frank got off and began walking home. Even after living in Arkansas for nearly a month, Frank still felt that trees, grass, flowers and shrubbery were a real luxury. And a dirt road was practically unheard of in New York. He filled his lungs gratefully with air that smelled of honeysuckle and quickened his pace. Right behind that neat bend of trees was his home. He started running and in two minutes he had reached the front door.

"Hi, honey. I'm home!" he shouted, and flinging his hat on the rack, he walked towards the kitchen.

Beth met him half way, still wiping her hands from doing the breakfast dishes. He grabbed her and lifting her high above the floor, he swung her around in happy circles. They both laughed like children. Then Beth began to sob.

"Honey, what's the matter?" Frank put her down and looked worried.

"Nothing. It's just—oh, Frank, I've missed you so! Being alone in this house miles from anybody. And these terrible nights."

"I know, Beth," Frank said gently. "My nights were pretty lonely too."

"I don't mean that, Frank. Lonely and empty—sure—but there was something else too. Something I can't even begin to describe. Heavy, brooding silence. I kept straining my ears to hear something, almost expecting it, and it never came."

"For something you can't even begin to describe, you've done a pretty good job of it," Frank said lightly. "Relax, it's just the

weather. You're not used to Southern summers. Look, if it'll make you feel better, tonight I'll stand under your window, blow the car horn a few hundred times and then pretend I'm being held up. You're just not used to quiet, that's all."

Beth laughed and arm in arm they walked into the kitchen. Frank was starving and did justice to Beth's excellent cooking.

Later on in bed, after a tired love session, Beth snuggled next to Frank.

"Dear, there's something else that bothered me when you were gone. It's Bill Paracelus. No—he didn't try to get fresh with me. In fact he went out of his way to be polite and distant. But he acted strange, almost unworlly. He kept getting a far-away look in his eyes and talking about the 'old country'. What old country was that?"

"Any old country. Look, Honey, I found out that his family has been living in America for over two hundred years. Any ties they had with Europe have long since vanished. I never knew you were such a romantic. But if it's romance you want, it'll be romance you'll get—my kind."

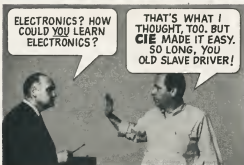
"And it's the best in the world," Beth whispered as Frank's arms encircled her.

G RADUALLY the bright, summer's day changed into a serene night. Dusk, fireflies, the soft croaking of frogs in the pond nearby, moonlight. Gentle shadows for a gracious evening brought a new kind of beauty to the landscape. The world around Frank and Beth settled down to rest, and yawning, the two lovers went to bed.

The lights in the small house were turned off, leaving the harmony of the universe in the hands of twinkling stars and clear moonlight. Silence, all was still. A fish flashed and sent silver ripples quivering

(Continued on page 58)

# The day Bill told off his boss



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would serve as his  
key to world power!*

# SCREAMING TERROR ON THE NIGHT THE ZOMBIES WALKED!



A bolt of thunder heralded the coming of the zombies. The natives stiffened in fearful, fascinated attention.

by **GEORGE BRUNO**

**J**im Fitzgerald got off the boat and took in great, greedy breaths of the fresh sea air. Even before it was down the gangplank of the huge steamer, his corpulent body was already covered by a fine sheen of sweat.

"So this is Haiti," he remarked to nobody in particular as he took an enormous silk handkerchief and began wiping perspiration from his forehead.

Everything about Jim Fitzgerald was big—his body, his feet, his laugh, his greed. Even the black cigars he smoked constantly were

the largest ones on the market. But the Southern town he had turned his back on, was small—too cramped for this giant of a man. There just weren't enough suckers in it. Jim wasn't exactly an out-and-out crook, and had never actually served time in jail; but some of his deals were a bit on the shady side. Even Jim would cheerfully admit that—"You gotta strike while the iron is hot. Take advantage of 'em, boy!"—and his huge mitt would come crashing down on your back and his booming guffaw would fill the small, smoke-

infested cubbyhole he called his office. You'd leave, sensing vaguely that you've been had, but you couldn't exactly put your finger on how or when he did it. That was Jim's speciality. He'd talk in circles until you were so confused you weren't sure which end was up. Stock and real estate were his main sources of speculation, but he wouldn't be above a friendly card game or two—with himself as the dealer, of course. Anything to make a little money, but just on the borderline between honesty and deceit.

Except for that last deal he pulled. Jim sold some folks a patch of land in Florida. Oh, the land was there all right, but he had forgotten to mention the fact that it was under two feet of water. The people had decided to complain to some of the big boys in Washington. Jim decided to take a long-needed vacation.

Haiti—an unspoiled wonderland of simple people and shining sunlight. He would make a killing—pennies and dimes here and there until he could latch on to some real cash. Then he'd split to Rio and live like a king for the rest of his life.

"Bless the simple peasant. He's the salt of the earth," said Jim as he went to claim his seedy baggage and look for a cheap hotel.

He found a boarding house right near the docks, right near the drunken sailors who were dying to spend their hard-earned bread on penknives that almost worked and for their sweethearts, on rings that were nearly gold.

"This is too good to be true," he said, sounding the desk bell to call the manager.

An ancient Haitian answered the summons.

"A room with a bath. And make it snappy."

"I no speak English well. Will call granddaughter, yes?" He beckoned to a beautiful girl who was sitting behind a beaded curtain.

She walked to the desk, had Jim sign the registry, which he did with a customary flourish so that you couldn't quite make out the name, and carried his bags to a room on the first floor.

"What's a gorgeous chick like you doing here, baby? Wait, don't go," he said, clutching the girl's arm as she turned to leave. "I could make a fortune with you in New York."

She pulled her arm away from the unwelcomed advance and ran out of the room. Jim shrugged and began unpacking his luggage.

Later on he made a quick tour of the neighborhood and sold several rings. They were set with glass, but he passed them off to the unsuspecting natives as "gen-u-wind diamonds" and unloaded twenty of them.

"Forty bucks—it ain't bad for starters," he muttered as he headed back to the rooming house. Once inside, he made his wheezing way toward the room. "Christ, it's hot!" The slowly-revolving fans overhead did nothing to clear the heavy, stifling air that almost threatened to suffocate him.

He came across the girl as she washed the worn floor in the hall. "Don't go away, sweetie. What's your name?"

"Eustace," was the shy reply.

"Hmm, nice. I'd like to get to know you better—a lot better. Goddammit!" He cursed as she scratched him after he tried to paw her. "No woman does that to me!" He raised his arm to slap her.

"Stop!"

There was something in her cowering pride that made him hesitate.

"If you would like to know me better, you shall," she said in the curious text-book English that all Haitians use when speaking to foreigners. "But only in due time." A coy smile graced her lovely features. "Until then, *au revoir*."

"Hey, honey," called Fitzgerald as Eustace swept past him, "when'll that be?"

Without looking back, she said, "I shall let you know."

LATER that night after an unsuccessful attempt at sleep, Jim tossed his huge frame around on sweat-soaked sheets. He was physically exhausted, but his mind raced ahead, heedless of his tired condition. That chick, Eustace—he'd be able to make a lot of money off her. Maybe he'd turn her into a high-priced call girl, or a singer, or even perhaps an actress—but whatever her new occupation, he'd make sure to be her manager. Natural beauty and a wild temper. He liked that in a woman. Most of the dames he'd known through his wandering life had been pretty mousy, attractive but dull, colorless. Eustace was different. She had a little life in her. Maybe even . . .

"Past! Over here by the window. Don't make a sound," a low voice hissed just behind the shutters.

Fitzgerald rose and stalked as quietly as he could to the window. He drew back the green shutters to see Eustace standing in the darkness of the protruding eaves.

"You ready, baby?" Jim reached for her.

"Not yet. But meet me in front of the hotel. And hurry."

Jim dressed rapidly and left the boarding house. He saw Eustace and went to her. Wrapping his heavy arms around her slender waist, he tried to nuzzle her throat with his thick lips.

"Stop. There's time for that later. Right now I want to show you something—something no white

man has ever been allowed to witness." She took his hand and led him through the low brush until they reached a clearing about half a mile from the town.

A group of villagers of all ages had assembled around some sort of post driven deep into the hard-packed dirt. Eustace and Jim hid in the shadows.

An elderly man came out of the throng and approached the wooden wedge. He was the grandfather of Eustace—but now instead of the servile, doddering inn keeper, he was tall, proud in his outlandish costume of feathers, fur, and claws.

Somebody handed him a live chicken. Expertly he broke its neck and separated the head from the still-moving body. The blood he took and formed a large X on the post. Then he spoke long and passionately in a strange, ancient language.

"He is calling forth the Great One," Eustace whispered into Fitzgerald's ear.

One of the female worshippers began to wail and thrash about.

"Why don't they stop her," Jim asked. "The dumb broad's ruining the whole show."

"No, she's part of it. That is how our god makes his presence known."

The woman continued to moan, and several people joined her gyrations. Fitzgerald recognized a few people in the crowd he had gyped just hours ago. Now these and everyone else at the gathering were writhing on the dirt, tearing clothing and hair in an effort to seek release from a painful tension.

A huge cloud of black smoke appeared, followed immediately by a great crash of thunder. Everyone stopped still and waited, listened intently.

The old man spoke again. The congregation bowed their heads.

A rustle in the jungle behind them broke the silence. Jim's eyes nearly bugged at the sight.

"My god! What are they!"

"Zombies," came the fateful reply. "Bodies of the dead brought once again back into life. Do not worry—they cannot harm you unless given the order. They are machines—ah, what is your word—robots."

Fitzgerald stared at the creatures with a fascination that only the ultimate horror can create. They were obviously corpses—some with flesh beginning to separate from exposed bone—with the eyes of dead fish drying on the beach. Tattered cloth, remnants of shrouds

(Continued on page 38)

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"Stop it, whoever and whatever you are!" Martha screamed in terror.  
"Go back to Hell! Both of you!"



*Every night the mansion resounded to the screams of faceless horrors replaying a moment of savage crime.*

# THE GHOST IS COMING TO TAKE ME TO HELL

by CHARLES DOBEY

"HENRY, look—I've finally got them!"

He looked up from his newspaper and was thoroughly annoyed. If there was one thing he hated most of all it was being interrupted while he was reading. And Mortho seemed especially talented at interrupting him.

"What do you have?" he asked grumpily, not really caring, but hoping she'd leave him in peace once she told him.

"The keys to the old Franklin place—number 34. You know, the haunted house I told you about yesterday."

"Mortho, it seems like that's all you do—tell me things I don't want to know about. I realize the doctor says you're supposed to have a hobby so you'll do something besides eating. But really, this ghost nonsense is a little too much. It gets on my nerves. Besides it's nearly dinner time and you haven't started cooking yet. What are we going to have?"

"Oh, I don't know—something I guess," her voice trailed off as she went into the kitchen.

"But how could you possibly think about food now? Just wait until I tell the girls. They'll simply die!"

"Not a particularly bad idea," Henry said dryly to himself. Sometimes he wished she had never gone on that diet. Mortho was overweight, but before at least she had sense to stay put where she belonged. Now that fool of a doctor kept telling her to go out more and "do things." She must have joined a dozen women's clubs all crommed full with cockling biddies. And now all this nonsense about ghosts—another one of Mortho's kicks. Last week it had been bird watching.

"Women are crazy," sighed the long-suffering Henry.

But if he expected to ease his troubles in the solid comforts of a good dinner, he was in for a big disappointment.

"This is the third time this week we've had conned spaghetti," he complained, looking at the pale pink substance that lay like limp worms on his plate.

"I know and I'm very sorry. But you see I've been so busy this week. Time just seems to fly out the window. Now hurry up and eat because I'm having some people over and I want to have everything cleared up. Honestly, I haven't been this busy in years!"

She jumped up from the table and quickly gathered a bunch of dishes in her pudgy arms. Mortho dropped half of them before she made it into the kitchen.

"Do you want to stay for the meeting, Henry? You're perfectly welcome to. Sometimes I get the distinct impression that you're really not very interested in what I'm doing. Henry? Henry, are you there?"

Henry had made a quick decision to go for a walk and maybe get something to eat in a restaurant somewhere. He left even before Mortho had reached the kitchen.

At eleven o'clock Henry came back. He walked into the livingroom and sniffed disgustedly at the air. The room reeked of tobacco smoke. As Henry never touched a cigarette and couldn't abide anybody who did, he was very angry. He went to raise a window and it opened with a loud bang.

"Henry, is that you?" came Mortho's disembodied voice floating from the bedroom.

"No, it's Philip of Macedonio. I'm getting tired of all this. First your friends swarm in here and drive me out of my own house. Then they guzzle (Continued on Next Page)

down all my best liquor. And then to top it off, they stink up the house with their foul smoke. I'm sick of it, I tell you!"

"Now calm down and come in here. You know perfectly well I have to have plenty of interests to occupy my time while I'm losing weight. And I'm doing it just for you."

Henry stood outside the door. He was still furious.

"Don't be that way, sweetie. Now sit down and let me tell you what happened tonight."

He groaned inwardly and eased his lanky frame down on one of Martha's overstuffed pink monstrosities. Last month her main occupation had been interior decorating.

"That Franklin place—you remember—well, one of the girls knows quite a lot about its history, and when she found out that I had the keys to the house, why she nearly died on the spot." Martha's jaws shook with laughter. "You should have seen her. Anyway, would you believe it—she spent nearly two hours trying to talk us out of going there tomorrow night."

"Us?" Henry asked politely.

"Oh, I guess I forgot to tell you. I knew you wouldn't mind. You're going with me tomorrow night. Everybody keeps talking about how haunted that house is and I'm just dying to find out for myself. And naturally I wouldn't want to go alone."

"Naturally," commented Henry.

"And I know you want to be included in the things I'm interested in," blithely continued Martha, choosing to ignore Henry's sarcasm. "Ghosts are so exciting really. We'll leave her at about ten o'clock tomorrow night. That way we can be settled in the Franklin mansion well before midnight. You'll have a wonderful time, Henry, I just know it."

**T**EN O'CLOCK the next night found the two of them standing nervously outside their front door.

"Please hurry, dear," Martha said as Henry fumbled with the keys. "I don't want to be late."

"We've got plenty of time," Henry answered crossly to hide his own growing feelings of excitement. But he'd be damned before he'd admit them to his wife.

This was ridiculous, he thought to himself, as he felt Martha's arm slip into his and both walked down the driveway and onto the street. Everything he was totally against—the feminine interest in "deep" matters which always

turned into a scatterbrained escapade leading nowhere, the supernatural (which usually could be explained away by simple logic and applied science), barging in on somebody else's property, and just empty houses in general. Henry always caught cold whenever he had to go into a place that wasn't heated or aired properly.

"My goodness," Martha exclaimed, hugging Henry's arm until it hurt, "just look at all the stars. Why, there must be a million of them. We have to turn left at the next corner. And what a huge moon there is tonight. It's just the perfect setting for a ghost hunt."

The short walk to the Franklin house was uneventful. Martha as usual kept up a steady banter of inane conversation. And equally customarily, Henry stayed silent, letting his thoughts slip in among the few breaks of his wife's dialogue.

The surrounding neighborhood had seen better days. Most of the old mansions had been turned into rooming houses or apartments. They approached number 34. It looked exactly like all the other row houses on the block, except a bit shabbier.

"All these places were built around 1860," said Martha, filling in a five-second gap in the conversation. "Each one is basically the same. First floor has the kitchen; second floor has the parlor, library and drawing room; third floor's the bedrooms; and the servants live, or used to live, on the fourth floor. There's also a tiny front yard and a slightly larger back yard."

They stood in front of the house and looked up. The moon appeared from behind a thick blanket of clouds and lighted a window on the fourth floor.

"See, what did I tell you?" Martha hugged his arm again. "The house is really haunted. That window—the second from the right on the fourth story—that's where the crime was committed. And it's the only window that the moon lit up. I'm so excited, Henry, I could just faint. Isn't this the most wonderful thing we've ever done together? My heart's beating just as fast as it can!"

"Did you remember to bring the key, Martha? Yes? Very good. Now give it to me and let's go inside. The night air's making my lumbago act up again."

He inserted the key into the old-fashioned lock, turned it, twisted it again in the other direction. Screws and bolts clicked. The door opened.

**T**HEY WALKED into the ball about ten feet.

"My goodness—what was that!"

"The wind blew the door shut, that's all. Look, Martha, I wish you wouldn't hang around my neck like that. I can hardly breathe."

Martha reluctantly released her hold but kept close to the side of her husband.

"Did you bring the flashlight? I left it right on the kitchen table."

"No, Henry. I thought candles would be a lot more fun—more romantic, you know. Here, I brought plenty." She reached inside her voluminous purse and took out a handful of half-used candles. They were left over from the last hurricane.

Henry grumbled as he lighted two of them. He walked forward with Martha timidly clinging behind. They had decided beforehand to make a detailed inspection of the house so that if anything strange happened later on, they'd be sure it wasn't caused by a loose floorboard or an open window tapping in the breeze.

The door to the library slammed shut. Both gave an automatic gasp.

"Stop it, Martha. These old houses are just settling. There probably isn't a door in the whole place that will stay open. Now, let's go down into the kitchen."

They descended the stairs. The kitchen was large and dirty with a stove and ice box dating from around 1910. A look in the pantry and servants' dining room was next—nothing in either of them but a few scattered sticks of broken furniture and the smell of stale air.

They climbed the stairs to the ground floor and went up to the third story.

"Let's see. If that map you've made is correct, Martha, we should be right outside the master bedroom. Here—it's got a fireplace. This must be right."

Henry lighted another candle.

"Now that we're actually here, why don't you tell me what happened in this old place? You said it would be 'more fun' if we waited until we were inside before you hit me with all the gory details."

"All right, Henry. I already told you the house was built in 1860. About twenty years later, the house was sold. The new family moved in. Everything was fine until they decided to sail to Europe for a few months. They left the servants behind. One night," Martha's voice sunk to a low and frightened level,

(Continued on page 47)

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*How a man of God was  
delivered to the Devil!*

## TRAPPED IN A ROOM OF HORROR WITH THE SLAVE OF SATAN!



by T. W. MANNERING

THIS IS A fine time to get a flat," Ralph grumbled to himself as he brought the car to a jerky halt beside a copse of elm trees that seemed to be the only kind of tall vegetation growing as far as the eye could see. "And of course I don't have a spare."

He climbed out of the car and turning his head around, looked for signs of human habitation. There weren't any. The forest seemed to stretch for miles until it gradually lost itself in low-slung hills far away. Ralph shrugged and taking a jacket to keep himself warm against the chill of a damp evening, he began walking down the country lane. He knew that eventually he would come across a house or a farm or a village, and at least by walking he would avoid spending an uncomfortable night trying to sleep on the back seat.

"Damn that tire anyway!" He had meant to have the spare fixed—in fact it was probably waiting for him at the gas station—but ever since the divorce, he had been too busy feeling sorry for himself to do anything constructive.

The divorce—it brought back a flood of bitter memories as he tried to clear a path through tangled brush with only a few scattered stars overhead as a source of light. He had been married to Myra for almost five years when he received that letter in the mail. It wasn't even a letter—just a typed note that she didn't even bother to sign. She had found somebody else and she was very sorry but . . . etc. There was no property settlement and he didn't have to pay Myra any alimony, but all that wasn't important. He had lost the only person he had ever cared for. It had been (Continued on next page)

agony for him and even after six months it was only now that he could raise himself and try to begin re-living his existence.

Ralph had asked for and received permission for a two-break vacation from work. He hadn't even told his friends where he was going. In fact, he wasn't quite sure himself. He just packed a suitcase, got in the car and drove off. Maybe a short separation from everything and everyone he knew would help to ease the dull ache in his heart. So far it hadn't been too successful. To avoid meeting people and answering painful questions, he traveled mostly by night, sleeping during the day, and in the small, all-night diners he frequented he found his mind wandering back to happier times, times he had spent with Myra. Bitterness overwhelmed his soul, for he had really loved her.

A beam of light broke through the trees.

"Ah ha, a house."

Ralph headed toward the beacon, moving slower now as the low branches and exposed roots became more common and made walking very difficult.

He came to the light—just a lamp shining through the windows of a small house.

Ralph walked over to the door and knocked. No answer. He rapped louder this time. Still nothing. Finally he pounded with all his might. A querulous voice on the other side of the door asked: "Who is it? What do you want?"

Ralph cleared his throat. "Um, my car's got a flat down the road a little ways. And I'd really appreciate it if you'd let me use your phone."

"You're not from the town, are you?"

"No, I'm a stranger around here. I won't hurt you. Really."

"Well, all right. I suppose I

can trust you."

The door opened. Ralph gave a start and nearly fainted with shock. Myra! No, wait a moment. He looked again at the figure standing in the half-light of the low threshold. Not Myra—smaller, more fragile, younger—but still the resemblance was astounding.

"Is anything the matter?"

"No, you just look like my . . . you look like somebody I used to know."

The girl smiled, showing perfectly even, white teeth. "I must look like a lot of people because nearly everyone tells me that. Please come in."

Ralph had to stoop to enter the house and once inside, found his head uncomfortably near the ceiling.

"The phone's over there. But if I remember correctly, the gas station closes at six and re-opens at six the next morning. It's after seven now. But it's all right," the girl said, seeing a look of worry covering Ralph's face, "you can stay here. I trust you."

"Thanks, but I'd hate to put you out."

"No problem at all. It gets a bit lonely here living alone and sometimes I like to have a little company. Luckily for you you caught me in one of my social moods."

**THEY BOTH** laughed and the girl invited Ralph to sit down. She made them some dinner and while they ate, they talked. She was a schoolteacher in the town and traveled the ten miles to the one-room schoolhouse everyday. Her name was Elsa and she didn't get along very well with the rest of the town.

"That's why I moved out here—to get away from those idiots. Now enough about me.

What brought you here to this part of this country?"

To his amazement, Ralph found himself telling Elsa his story and he included several bits of information that were too painful for him to say even to his closest friends. There was something about Elsa—her gentle smile and winning grace—that made Ralph want to unburden his heart to her. And she listened with head cocked sideways as if she delighted in hearing each word.

After he finished his story, Elsa smiled sadly. "Your ex-wife sounds like a cruel, selfish woman. I suppose you'd like to seek revenge."

"Well, no. In fact to be perfectly truthful, the thought never entered my mind."

"Don't worry. It will. Now how about some entertainment? I've got something here that's sure to please you."

Ralph was agreeable and Elsa went over to an old, carved bureau. She rummaged around in the bottom drawer until she finally stood up. In her hands she was carrying what looked like a painted board. She blew off the dust and laughed.

"As you can see, I use this every day."

"But what is it?"

"It's a ouija board. Some people say it's just a parlor game. Maybe it is, but I've had some pretty good luck with it. It's quite simple to use," she said as she cleared off a place at the table and gently put the board down so that it was facing Ralph. "All you do is ask it questions. We'll start with simple yes or no questions. You ask the question, then both of us will hold this thing. It's called a planchette," and she held up the triangular-shaped object for Ralph's (Continued on page 42)





# THIS DIAGEM IS NOT A DIAMOND!

But You Can't Tell The Difference!

Imagine paying under \$125 for a perfect two-carat ring... under \$125 for fabulous one-carat earrings... \$60 for a full carat tie-tac!

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Since diamond prices are so closely controlled by the international cartels, of course that likelihood is extremely remote, but now thanks to an incredible space-age breakthrough, you can do practically the same thing!

Now, for a fraction of what you would pay for a genuine diamond, you can purchase a man-made jewel so perfect only an expert can tell it from the real thing for sure.

Imagine! Magnificent man-made Diagems so perfect that only experts can tell them apart positively... So beautiful that many jewelers — and even pawnbrokers — are fooled! So flawless that few genuine diamonds can match their perfection... and for less than one twentieth the cost!

These magnificent jewels are called Diagems. They are identical to diamonds in appearance.

## THE ONLY DIFFERENCE

Genuine diamonds are produced under tremendous heat and pressure. So are Diagems! Genuine diamonds have a cubic molecular structure. So do Diagems! Genuine diamonds have a fire and brilliance measured by the refractory scale as 2.4. So do Diagems! Genuine diamonds are cut by expert diamond cutters. So are Diagems!

What is the difference then? Simply this... A diamond, which is the hardest substance in the world, is harder than a Diagem. This is the basic difference between a genuine diamond and a Diagem.

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Those magnificent diamond earrings your friend's wife was wearing the other day may actually have been Diagems! The beautiful ring your best friend was wearing may have been a Diagem as well! More people — especially among the wealthy — are wearing Diagems than you would begin to suspect, but they're not telling, and unless they do, there is no way you could possibly know.

## WHY NOT YOU?

Unless you are buying purely for investment, Diagem make perfect sense because: 1. They cost only a fraction of what diamond cost, yet they are just as beautiful and often more so. 2. They pose no expensive insurance problems. If one should be lost, strayed or stolen, the event is not the

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If you are wondering what kind of a gift to get for that special occasion... why not a Diagem? If you have an anniversary coming up, what better way to go all out than with a gift like this? If you're about to purchase an engagement ring, how much more sense to invest in a Diagem! You get a bigger (and since diamonds are judged by size), a far more lovely and impressive ring for a fraction of what you would expect to pay, and the huge savings can go towards furnishing the house or towards that new car.

Or, if you are simply trying to impress or win over a friend, what better way than this? If diamonds are a girl's best friend, so are Diagems because she can't tell them apart!

No matter what kind of gift, no matter what the occasion, certainly Diagems make good sense, and if you have any doubts, you can actually see for yourself without risk. We are so confident you will be impressed with Diagems once you actually examine one, that we make this

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Diagems are available only in a few smart outlets in several of our larger cities and nowhere else. Now, for the first time, they are being offered by mail!

We are a highly reputable and well-financed organization. You may deal with us with complete confidence. No one will ever know you are our customer. If Diagems sound intriguing to you, simply indicate your choice below. When your Diagem arrives, look it over for 10 full days at our risk. Have it examined by whomever you like. If, at the end of that time, you are not completely satisfied in every way, return for an immediate refund, no questions asked! Your friends must be convinced you are wearing a magnificent genuine diamond, or you pay nothing!

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Send me FREE presentation one with each item. Please rush the Diagem(s) I have indicated below by insured mail with the understanding that I may examine them for 10 days without obligation. At the end of that time I am not completely satisfied, I will return for a full and immediate refund, no questions asked.

- ☐ One-Carat perfect Diagem \$40  
☐ Two-Carat perfect Diagem \$75  
☐ Three-Carat perfect Diagem \$110

Available up to 50 cts @ \$15 per Carat.

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☐ Lady's Tiffany white or yellow 14 K gold ring with baguette, add only \$40  
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A/C # \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_



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## PAWNBROKERS BEWARE

(TWO TRUE STORIES)

When Diagems were first introduced, a man we know approached a pawnbroker with a one carat Diagem ring. The broker examined it through his glass and said, "\$750". Look again, smiled our friend expecting the pawnbroker to recognize his error. "O.K., \$80," he replied, "but no higher."

The prospective mother-in-law was unimpressed by her daughter's choice of a beau. When the young couple showed her the magnificent engagement ring, Momma softened a bit. After all, anyone who could afford an \$1,800 ring couldn't be all bad. The actual cost of that ring? Less than \$80, but to this day Momma hasn't the slightest inkling! Diagems simply cannot be told from real diamonds positively except by an expert jeweler!

## MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

When your Diagem arrives, examine it for 10 days at our risk. If you aren't convinced it is everything we claim, it is distinguishable from a genuine diamond in appearance, do not keep it. Simply return for full and immediate refund, no questions asked!

INCLUDE APPROPRIATE SALES TAX.

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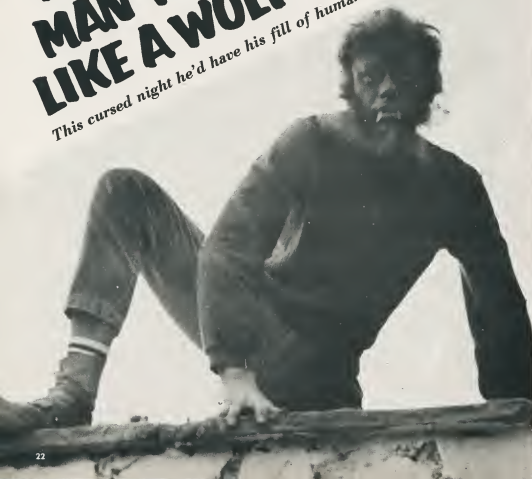
NYC Showroom: 227 East 48 st., N.Y.C. 10017

Circle ring size: 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

# ONE LAST DEATH PROWL FOR THE MAN WHO HOWLED LIKE A WOLF!

*This cursed night he'd have his fill of human blood and flesh.*



by MICHAEL PRAETORIUS

"DEAR LORD—not again!"

He clutched his hands to his sweating, contorted face and felt the features coarsen, turn wild, animalistic, hairy. A loud moon shook his body as normal human spine hunched over in agony to form a wolf-like curve—and the process was complete.

Crouching in the moonlight was a being, a creature who belonged neither to the world of men nor to the world of animals. He leaned against a tree, the rough bark scratching and soothing the tormented hide that had arisen in seconds from soft flesh.

A few moments longer, and what remained of his human mind would be enveloped by a more powerful one, a brain that knew nothing of honesty, dignity, pride, right or wrong. He arched his back as a low growl erupted deep within his hair-covered throat. Another heart-stopping howl knifed through the silvery night. He hoped, then, centered across moon-lighted meadow.

Bounding easily up the ten-foot incline, the man-changed-wolf yelped and raced on the border of the peaceful lake. As one of the creatures of night, he loved darkness and the sound of gentle nocturnal animals scurrying home into the undergrowth. It was good to be free, to feel the wind rip through shaggy locks as he ran—sometimes on four feet, sometimes on two—into the wilderness of out-lying districts that were too lonely for human inhabitants.

He stopped short, panted softly, crouched in hiding. A human male was walking in the woods. Like all other animals, the demi-wolf could hear the man miles away. Human kind would never know the secret of moving silently through the foliage. They foolishly thought since they could see nothing in the night, that nothing was there. The lobo gave a quivering growl of delight as he waited in ambush for a man stupid enough to trespass on land clearly belonging to animals.

He allowed the mortal to tramp past



How could I tell Susan who I was, that I was a cannibal who ate human flesh.

him, then easily followed the wide wake of crushed plants and the sound of clumsy, plodding feet. But this was no fun—it was too simple. No challenge. At least a deer or even a rabbit had sense enough to keep its presence a reasonable mystery.

The man-wolf felt pride in his ability as he noiselessly tracked past the human being. The man was dressed as a hunter, but as any animal knew, the season for taking game was far away. He must be a poacher, killing when he had no right, when the females were still carrying their young. As an enemy of the forest, he had to be stopped.

The wolf growled loudly. The man tensed and wildly turning around, raised

his gun in the darkness. While the mortal was wasting precious time in trying to force his eyes to focus where there was no light, the wolf sneaked back and attacked. The man screamed as fangs bit down on skin and attempted to fend off the creature with the butt of his rifle. But the wolf was clever, more cunning than the man. He lunged and brought the poacher down heavily into the grass. Then he began to bite, to gnaw until the man struggled no longer. Human blood was delicious as he took mouthful after mouthful of steaming entrails and warm flesh. After satisfying his hunger, he bounded to the other side of the forest, found a large patch of moss, and lay down. (Continued on Next Page)

He took the older man's advice and went to see Susan. He told her that he wasn't feeling very well and that was the reason behind his cruel words and strange actions of late.

He tried to dissuade her, but Susan insisted that he have a complete physical examination. In fact, she gave him no peace until he made an appointment with the town's doctor and promised faithfully to see him.

"What the hell," Charles thought later on, "I may as well see the doctor."

He kept the appointment made for the following week. In the course of the examination, the physician took routine urine and blood samples. Then he weighed, tapped, felt and measured.

After the tests, the doctor leaned across the highly-polished desk and said, "You're in fine health, son. I wish I had your vitality and energy."

Charles didn't answer.

A week had gone by when he received an urgent call from the doctor. He went to see him without telling anyone.

"Sit down, Charles." The doctor's face was tense, drawn. "I sent the blood and urine samples to the lab. They were analyzed and the results sent to me this morning."

"What is it, Doctor," said Charles, mildly interested. It was impossible for anything to kill him; and maybe an exotic disease or two might give him a hobby while he waited for the terrible changes in the moon. "I've been a good boy, so it can't be a social disease. And just about everything else I can think of I've been already vaccinated against."

"Unfortunately, Charles," the doctor said in a low voice as he put his hand on the young man's shoulder, "there is no vaccination against—leukemia!"

The room spun around Charles as he experienced two powerful, conflicting emotions at once—joy and despair. He put his hands heavily on the desk to steady himself. In a shaking voice, he whispered, "How long?"

"I don't know. Maybe in a year, perhaps five. But Charles," he grasped both unsteady shoulders with gentle hands, "there is hope. Why, every day new advances are being made. Next week there may be a complete cure available. You've got to keep that hope alive!"

"As my body slowly dies, is that it, Doctor?" The bitterness of it all overwhelmed his soul. Doomed for a

hideous life or sentenced to a lingering, painful death. It was comical—both meant exactly the same. "Six of one, half a dozen of the other" went through his mind as Charles tried to clear his head of the dizzying fog.

**H**E STOOD up to leave. "Thank you, Doctor," he murmured, rapidly composing his voice, "for telling me. It will be easier this way."

"Charles, if there's anything I can do, anything at all . . ."

"There is one thing—tell no one about this. I don't want anyone to know."

The doctor promised to keep silent and Charles left the office.

Susan began noticing the change in Charles' behavior. "You don't seem to care about anything anymore. You used to love to go strawberry-picking with me. You'd take long walks in the woods—in fact it was a real effort just to get you to come home again. Now you avoid the forest like the plague. Dear, what's troubling you? You can tell me. Really."

"It's nothing, nothing at all. I'm just a little tired. Look honey, would you be angry with me if I took a long drive just by myself. You wouldn't? That's my baby!"

He kissed her forehead and walked over to the car. Susan continued sitting on his front step. She was nearly frantic with worry that something was gravely the matter, something too deep for Charles to say even to her. But she knew he needed support and tried to put up a front as brave as possible. The strain was beginning to show and she tried not to nag him. Susan admitted, however, that she wasn't always successful. As the car pulled away, she waved and smiled. Then she crooked her head in the hollow of her elbow as dry sobs wracked her slender shoulders.

Charles had to see Professor Gillian. So far no one but he and the Doctor knew of the impending doom. The assistant who had performed the actual test had no idea of whose blood he had watched under the microscope. Charles felt that the Professor should know the full story. He had picked up the habit of keeping calendars constantly around him. And as he looked at the small one taped to the dashboard of the car, he shuddered. The four days, ominously encircled in black pencil, were rapidly approaching. Much less than a

week separated him from the agonizing transformation of man into heartless beast.

The Professor once again received him in the library.

"Sit down and have some tea. I just made a potful and was sitting here wishing I had someone to share it with. Now then, what's new?"

"I have leukemia."

The Professor dropped the cup. It shattered and sent its liquid contents spreading across the old-fashioned parquet floor like a contagious epidemic of darkest fear on a sleeping city.

He made no movement to clean up the mess. "Tell me about it."

Charles told him. All the while, the Professor listened intently to each word.

At the conclusion of the tragic tale, the old man sat like a defeated general in the tent of the enemy. Hands hung limply between parted knees, head dejectedly lowered to look with unseeing eyes at the stain on the floor.

**S**UDDENLY he jumped up. "Thank heavens!" he cried as he hurriedly limped to the hook case. "Charles, we might have a way out! It's only a slim chance, mind you, but it might work. Now if I can only find that blasted book." Long-cherished volumes were flung out of his hands in the frantic search. He kicked fallen books impatiently out of his way as he went to the next hookcase. "Ah, here it is."

He placed the book on the desk and rapidly thumbed through it. "This is a book on the supernatural—had it so long I forgot it was here. It's a stupid work I picked up in a book stall fifty years ago—but I think it still holds. Here's the passage we want. Listen."

He read it distinctly: Blood taken from the victims of the fiendish lycanthropist, shows a remarkable substance not found in normal life fluid. Small bodies infest the blood. Neither red nor white corpuscles, they are a product of the wolf-man's own physical chemistry and disappear rapidly after the days of the full moon are completed.

Charles was puzzled. "I don't understand. How can this help me?"

"For the simple reason that the leukemia—white cells attacking the red until the body is starved for oxygen and results in death—may converge on the third type of blood

(Continued on page 46)

# THE DEVIL NEEDS YOUR SOUL

by EDWARD HAMPTON



*The God-bereft girl had to perform a hideous sacrifice before she was permitted into the screeching ranks of Devil-worshippers.*

"NO, you guys go ahead. I'm going to stick around and finish this thing."

Chris nodded to her four friends as the girls laughingly left the library. Then she quickly returned to her reading. This was the most fascinating book she had ever come across before. She found herself getting more and more involved with each sentence. And the strange thing about it was that she only understood half of what she was reading. But that made no difference to her.

The closing bell rang and snapped Chris back into the present. Grabbing the volume, she ran to the sign-out desk and quickly filled out a card. Then book in hand, she left the library and walked out into the crisp, autumn air.

A few hours before, she had agreed to accompany her friends to the library. Two of the girls had term papers that were due the next morning. And the other pair went to stare at the cute assistant librarian the college had just hired. Chris had gone just to bum around. She didn't want to stay in her dorm room and a noisy evening spent in the crowded student union wasn't exactly appealing to her right now.

She was going through some bad changes. She felt that she wasn't getting anything out of college, and at the same time was positive that she couldn't make anything out of herself without that diploma. So Chris had gone with the girls to have a quiet but not a lonely place to think out her problems.

She walked through the book stacks that reached up taller than she was and found herself in the last row—the one the librarians used to file books that defied all other classification. Wandering up and down the bookshelves, Chris idly glanced at the titles—*Bee Keeping, Billiards, Black Mass. Wait!*

"This sounds interesting," Chris murmured to herself as she stopped in front of the thick volume, "*A History of the Black Mass*. It's certainly grimy enough. Wow, according to date stamped in the back, the last time this thing was taken out was in 1907."

She rapidly dusted off the book and began reading the first chapter. It was wonderful. Before she knew it, (Continued on next page)



At first, the chanting was gay. "Come, oh come, Satan. Incline thine ear and harken unto us, thy servants."

Chris had devoured the second and third chapters too. Maybe God was dead after all, but as far as the book was concerned, the Devil certainly wasn't. He lived. It made sense to Chris.

She pulled herself away from her reading just long enough to walk back to her friends and was hardly aware of the silly chatter going on around her. She hadn't regretted their leaving.

Chris walked down the library stairs still deep in thought. She wished she had somebody to talk to. She couldn't keep all the new knowledge to herself.

"The girls are all right," she thought to herself, "but I don't think they would understand. Not one person in sight. Maybe I'll call up one of my professors and he'll

"Look out, miss! Do you want to get killed or something?"

A car had narrowly missed hitting her. The squeal of brakes had brought her back to reality and the driver was angrily leaning out the window.

"That's a dandy way to commit suicide, lady. Why don't you write a theme about it for freshman comp?"

Under the glare of overhanging streetlights she had guessed the owner of the angry voice. It was the new assistant librarian.

"I'm sorry," Chris said. "It's just that I was so involved in this book." And like a naughty child anxious to ward off punishment, she held the guilty object before her.

The man's voice softened. "I know just how it is. I've missed

countless buses, train stops and elevator floors myself just by getting into a book. I'm sorry I yelled at you, but you'd look pretty lousy with tire treads on your face instead of dimples. Let me drive you over to the dorms. I'm headed that way anyway."

Chris hopped in and the car started off.

"You're the new assistant librarian, aren't you?" said Chris, knowing perfectly well he was, but anxious to start a conversation anyway.

"Yes. And you're the girl who wanders around the library in a daze. I've noticed you before. What are you doing, trying out for the role of Lady Macbeth?"

Chris laughed. "No, it's just that I have a few problems to solve,

***Red flames of evil licked about the young girl's feet as the Prince of Darkness welcomed her into his bridal chamber.***

that's all. By the way, my name's Chris."

"Mine's Joel. Your servant, madame." And he gave a comic bow. "What book did you get a hold of, anyway?"

"It's this one, a history of the Black Mass. Wow, is it interesting!"

"That's pretty heavy stuff for a dizzy coed. Um, it's still early. How about having a cup of coffee with me? We can talk about your literary adventure."

Chris agreed and they drove past the group of dorms and headed for a small diner nearby in the next town.

Over steaming cups of coffee, they talked. Chris was amazed at how much Joel knew about the supernatural in general and the Black Mass in particular. He gave a long, fascinating lecture on it from ancient times right up to the present, complete with plenty of facts and figures. Chris listened spell-bound.

"And," Joel continued, "the worship of devils has always been a part of our culture. Witness the popularity of the Albigensian heresy in the Middle Ages. And before that, the Manichaean sect that for centuries rivaled the sweep of Christianity across the Roman Empire. Many people still believe that evil is stronger than good, and want to be on the winning side."

"What about you? Do you think Satan is more powerful than God?"

"Frankly, yes. But to understand why, you've got to get rid of all those Sunday school ideas you have about the Devil. He doesn't wear red long-johns and have little pointy ears and tail. And he certainly doesn't go around suddenly appearing in smelly clouds of burning sulphur."

"It sounds like you know a lot about him. Be honest—have you ever seen him?"

"Ah, that would be telling," Joel laughed softly. "But if you're so interested, finish reading the book and meet me in front of the library at eight o'clock Friday night. I'll tell you more about it then."

"Hey," he said, looking at his watch, "do you realize that we just spent two hours drinking a cup of coffee?"

"I'll have to go now. If I don't get back before curfew, my dorm leader will have my hide."

"Selfish woman," Joel smiled. "That would be such a waste."

And stubbing the last of their cigarettes into the ash-filled saucers, the two rose to leave.

"Don't tell anyone about Friday night. And you will meet me, won't you?" Joel leaned his head out of the car window in front of the dorm.

"I promise," Chris called back as she raced up the steps to sign in.

**T**HE WEEK DRAGGED for Chris. She tried to concentrate on her studies, but found herself cutting more and more classes and spending much time reading alone. The book grew on her. She finished it and went back to read the preface. She discovered a lonely stretch of woods that in another year would be the site of a new science building. No one ever came there and she had time to sit, read and think in privacy.

Eventually Friday rolled around—ten o'clock, noon, supper time, then finally at ten minutes to eight, Chris stood impatiently in front of the library, carefully staring at each approaching car and clutching the precious book to her heart.

"Hey, silly, I'm over here!" She quickly turned her head and saw Joel with arms crossed leaning casually against the far side of the building. He unfolded his arms, straightened himself and walked towards her.

"I was sure you wouldn't show up," said Chris, relief flooding her voice.

"Funny, I was thinking the same about you. Come on, the car's over there. I parked it far away so nobody would see us drive off together. It's a stupid rule of the college, but faculty and staff aren't allowed to associate with the female students. And I don't want to get canned—even if you are a gorgeous chick."

Chris felt a happy blush start from her cheeks and go up to her ears.

"Now, isn't that nice," Joel joked. "How did you know red was my favorite color?"

The pair walked to the car, got in, and Joel started the engine.

"You know," he said as he carefully steered the vehicle through the curing, pebble-strewn driveway, "this is going to be a real adventure for both of us. You've never been to a Black Mass and this is the first time I've ever brought a neophyte with me."

"What's a neophyte?" Chris asked, puzzled because she hadn't come across that particular word in her reading.

"It's a beginner, an inductee."

That's a tenth-grade vocabulary word, silly. It'll only take us half an hour to get there but we're already a bit late. I wanted to wait until dusk to kidnap you—less chance of anyone's seeing us. The others are waiting. And so to put you in the right mood, I'll start with a little music until we get there."

Reaching down, Joel switched on his portable tape recorder. Immediately the occupants of the car were surrounded by unaccompanied male voices rising in eerie pitches and strange wails.

"Hey, I know that from music appreciation. It's a Gregorian chant. Wait a minute—it's in the Myxolydian mode. How's that for intelligence?"

"I'm impressed. But I see you don't know your Latin. It's not God they're praising." He lowered his voice melodramatically. "It's the Other One. But the chant does date from the fifth century. And I take your word that it's in that church mode. Now be quiet for a few minutes and let the music sooth your soul."

Chris leaned back and listened. Then she gazed out the window. It was strange—the familiar countryside, things she had known so well, seemed to take on a new, weird perspective under the influence of the unearthly chant. She closed her eyes and felt herself transported in time, to another century she was sure, but whether past or future she really couldn't say.

The car pulled up in front of a dilapidated building Chris had passed a hundred times before but had never actually noticed. The broken windows were in utter darkness.

Joel turned off the cassette but continued the plainsong in a rich baritone voice. He opened the car door and, still singing, led Chris to the entrance of the old ruin. By this time she knew the unending melody well enough to hum it hesitatingly in a sweet soprano. Joel nodded to her, smiled his encouragement, then began singing louder.

A third voice joined theirs just behind the weatherbeaten door. Hinges creaked, revealing a black-robed figure carrying an ornate candelabrum. The cloaked man turned, and flickering light held high, disappeared into the dark recesses of the building. Joel gently guided Chris inside, carefully closing the door. The bolt shot home, but the echo only served to

(Continued on page 50)



*The sorcerer, dead 300 years, turned up to act the role of himself on the play's opening night.*

# THE MAD MONSTER STRIKES AGAIN

by ALDEN FRANZ



The man in costume wasn't following the script. With a howl, he leaped upon Carol, knocked her on her back.

"CAROL, if you're not doing anything special after work, how about going with me to that meeting I told you about? It won't be anything great, but I guarantee you'll have a good time."

Carol Connors looked up from her typewriter and smiled at Mary. She said OK and went back to typing. Actually she was pleased at the invitation. Although she had only been in New York for a little over two months, she already discovered how difficult it was to make friends in the great city. Her tiny room in the cheap but clean woman's hotel got pretty lonely at night, and this was the

first time she had something definite to do after work.

Mary, who worked with her in the secretarial pool of a large insurance company, was more or less involved with a small amateur acting group and the meeting she had mentioned was called to discuss plans for a new play to be put on in the near future.

Five o'clock came and the girls left the office, had something to eat in a nearby restaurant, and got on a subway. The acting company's theatre was located in lower Manhattan.

"To tell you the

(Continued on Next Page)



truth," Mary admitted, "theatre" doesn't quite describe our place. It's more like a loft with a couple of folding chairs set up. But the people are really great and I'm sure you'll like them."

They approached the studio and went up four long flights of steps to the studio.

"Hi, everybody," Mary cheerfully called out. "This is Carol. She's interested in joining the group."

"You've come at a great time, Carol," a nice-looking man in jeans and a work shirt said. "We really need new members." He stopped hammering a set and walked over to the girls. "Hi. My name's Jim Gathway. I'm sort of the director around here."

"What do you mean 'sort of'?" Carol, Mary confided, "this guy runs the whole show. And if he weren't so good at it, nobody could stand him. Talk about being pushy!"

The three of them laughed. Then Mary excused herself to paint some flats. Jim asked Carol to help make costumes. He took her to a group of people seated on the floor, and seeing that she was introduced, he went back to work. But he returned frequently to see how she was doing, and each time he came, Carol felt her heart beat a little faster.

The time passed quickly. She felt at home with the friendly little bunch and even though she was still a bit shy with them, Carol enjoyed their company.

Two hours later, Jim interrupted the work in progress. He asked everyone to form a circle around him. Carol seated herself with the others and waited expectantly.

Jim smiled at her, then his gaze took in the entire group.

"A few days ago I got an idea for a new play. You all know this is supposed to be a community workshop, but so far we've been having trouble interesting the neighborhood in our stuff. So here's what I thought we might do—put on a play about the Gowanus Monster."

A woman with a tape measure around her neck said, "That's a great idea, Jim. Tomorrow I'll go to the library and do some research for the costumes."

Everyone else voiced his approval and then all went back to work.

At ten o'clock the session was over. Jim offered to drive Mary and Carol home. But first they stopped for coffee.

"What's all this Gowanus business?" Mary asked.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot that we

had talked about it before you joined," apologized Jim. "And of course, Carol, you don't know about this guy either. It's a silly story about the early inhabitants of lower Manhattan—the Dutch. About three hundred years ago, a rich burgher wanted the land a poor farmer had. The guy refused to sell at any price and the rich man took him to court on the trumped-up charge of witchcraft. I guess in those days being a sorcerer was pretty hard to prove one way or the other—because even though the burgher won the case, the farmer wasn't hanged, just banished. Well, the rich guy bought the land from the town for a very low price. But he didn't live long enough to enjoy it. He was found strangled the next week. A note next to the body said words to the effect that the farmer had gotten his revenge, but he would go further than that. He vowed he'd never leave the land again. And according to tradition, he hasn't..."

"You're right. It is a silly story," remarked Carol. "By the way, when was the last time he was seen?"

"About 1890—by a half-drunk cleaning lady who probably imagined the whole thing. Don't get me wrong, lady. I just tell them; I don't believe them. But since it is such a popular story in the neighborhood, they might enjoy seeing all of us super-talents putting it on for them."

Later that same night, Carol lay awake thinking of Jim. He was so strong, capable and kind—the first guy who had ever shown any attention to her in a long time. He had been so insistent that she go to the next meeting to be held the following week. It was funny, but now she could never imagine now knowing him.

**T**HE REHEARSALS for the play were hard work and Carol was amazed at the amount of effort that went into even such a small production. Lines had to be memorized, costumes made, sets to be painted and nailed into place. Hardly before she realized it, opening night was just days away. She knew all her lines by heart. Of course her part was very small—she'd be one of the people at the trial who had been bribed by the burgher to say that the farmer was a sorcerer and had conjured up the Devil—but still it was an important thing for her.

The way the play was arranged would allow for the same man to

play both the farmer and the monster. Carol came across the costume by accident in the dressing room and for a moment she was terrified by it—a collection of ancient material hanging in rags and some straw.

Jim came up when she was nervously admiring the workmanship.

"I looked up the description of what this monster guy is supposed to look like, and according to the library archives, he wears this suit. He must be very uncomfortable in the summer."

"And what if the poor gown has hay fever?" Carol joked. "With all that sneezing he'd never be able to sneak up on anybody."

On opening night the audience was seated in the huge loft waiting impatiently for the curtain to go up. There were almost 200 on-lookers, and the stage, although plain and clearly the work of dedicated amateurs, was a good-sized one; but both the people and the equipment seemed unable to fill the soft darkness that surrounded everyone like velvet.

The curtain went up to reveal all the characters more or less accurately clothed in the seventeenth-century garb of the early Dutch settlers. The play would begin with the burgher's greed, go into the trial scene, and end with the poor farmer's banishment. After the intermission, the little show would take on a more supernatural tone and depict the farmer's meeting two real witches on the road. These lovelies would teach him spells enough to be able to seek revenge and stay on the earth forever guarding his property. It wasn't a great play, but it was fun for both the audience and the actors.

Oddly enough, everything went perfectly on schedule. Carol was sure that she'd forget her few lines, but to her surprise, not only could she remember them, she could also say them well. She was even applauded after her little speech.

During intermission, Jim went over to congratulate her. Then he said, "Listen, the girl who was going to play one of the witches suddenly got sick. Do you think you could take her part, Carol? There are only a few lines you have to know."

She agreed and had Mary, who was to play the other witch, help her memorize the part and get into the costume.

The curtain opened after only a slight pause to show Carol and Mary seated on a rock. The



audience gasped because in the dim lights of the stage, the girls looked terrifying.

The farmer-monster came along—but he had made a mistake. He wasn't supposed to be in the Gownus costume until after the witches pronounced the spell.

"If that's the only mistake we'll make all evening," Carol thought to herself, "we're still pretty well off. OK, here goes." And she spoke her lines clearly and convincingly.

But the actor had forgotten his speech.

Carol repeated the lines and under her breath, gave the man his cue.

When he still didn't answer, Mary said her lines.

By this time the audience was giggling. Jim was standing in the wings whispering the man's lines, but he had either gone deaf or had such a case of stage fright that prompting was useless.

Jim motioned silently for someone to bring down the curtain. They'd start the scene all over. But before the square of material blocked the actors from the audience, the man in costume decided to act—only he wasn't following the script.

With a grunt, he knocked Carol off the cardboard rock. Then grabbing her about the waist, he rapidly half-carried, half-dropped the girl off into the darkness.

Jim was having a fit. "That jerk—he'll ruin everything!" Then he gave a start. An identical monster was coming toward him! This one was rubbing his head.

"Hey, Jim, I don't know what happened. I just woke up in the broom closet. Somebody must have . . ."

"My God! Who's with Carol!"

He flung himself into the darkness that surrounded the stage, trying to find a trail of Carol and her captor. It was hopeless. The loft was huge.

"Somebody—turn on the house lights!"

In a moment the area was bathed in harsh glare—but too late. The thing carrying Carol had vanished into the night.

The audience panicked. Grabbing a microphone, the assistant director tried to calm the mob down. Tearing and clawing each other, they blocked the exits, attempting to escape from something they weren't even sure of.

It was impossible for Jim to leave the building in search of Carol.

The fire escape! Through an open

window, he climbed the shaky ladder to the roof. There, he would cross over to the ladder eading down to the ground.

A scream cut through the night as Carol discovered the thing holding her was no actor dressed in a weird costume. She beat on its deathly chest—but her attempts only served to raise a cloud of dust on the creature.

"Jim—for God's sake, help me!"

He heard the shout and looking down from the vantage point, saw the thing and its unwilling slave turn a corner and disappear behind a group of empty warehouses. Another muffled scream issued from far away.

Jim raced down the ladder and ran to the buildings, trying to rescue Carol from an unknown fate.

Gasping for breath, he hugged a lamp post for support, his lungs ready to burst, his head cast down in despair. Straw on the ground! With a bolt he shot ahead, mindless of the screaming agony within his chest, following the flimsy trail of rotting hay until he came to a dead end. An alley leading to a brick wall ended the chase.

"Damn!" They had to be there somewhere. They couldn't have vanished into thin air. "Carol—Carol, can you hear me!"

"Over here!" came a voice a million miles away. "Jim, hurry! He's trying to . . ."

The voice faded away amidst a hundred echoes.

Echoes! The pair must be in some sort of tunnel—but where? There wasn't a sign of one in sight.

"That's it!" Jim cried out loud. "The abandoned subway!"

**I**T HAD BEEN closed off for forty years when the train route was switched. The entrance was in the next alley. Racing to it, he found garbage, crates, and other rubble from the dismantled factories blocking the way. The monster must have discovered another means into the pit.

Working against time, Jim painfully clawed a path through the debris until he formed a hole large enough to let him into the long-unused tunnel.

Rats and other disgusting creatures of slime and darkness scuttled across his path in terror as he groped his way past the dim, comforting twilight of night and into the stench-ridden pit.

"Carol!" he called, but only echoes returned to mock him. The water, stagnant and alive with

maggots, forming on the floor of the tunnel became deeper and deeper until it reached his neck.

"Ughh!" A worm had crawled into his mouth. He spat out the nauseating animal and tried to focus his hearing behind the ringing silence and deafening pitch of water falling drop by drop from the sweating walls.

A groan, almost at his ear, caused Jim to turn suddenly, lose his balance, and fall headlong into the foul liquid. He surfaced rapidly and tossed hair out of his eyes.

The moan had been mere yards away.

A car drove overhead, giving momentary light to the scene. For that fraction of a second, before the headlights' glare disappeared, Jim saw Carol! She was only yards away from him—but separated by a barbed wire fence. Her eyes made no sign of recognition in that precious instant of light. She looked dead, uncaring, hopeless.

Jim stumbled in the direction he thought she was, but couldn't find her again.

He tore both hands trying to find an empty space in the resisting wall of metal. It seemed like miles before he discovered a spot where the old iron had rusted through. Easing himself carefully between the strands of wire, he was now on the opposite side of the tunnel and started retracing his steps. The ground was harder, no surface water because the floor of the tunnel slanted.

Something grabbed him around the neck! In darkness, it was impossible to make out the features, but Jim felt harsh burlap and stinging straw mesh themselves tighter around him. He could scarcely breathe and in a moment he'd pass out. Frantically his brain raced ahead.

He called out: "Quick, get him!"

The monster whirled about, expecting to encounter more adversaries trespassing his land. Jim used that instant of grace the only way he could. He flung himself full force. Like a pile of dry sticks, the thing toppled over. Jim jumped down on its chest, trying to cave in the re-activated corpse's chest. But it seemed to be made of iron.

Wait—like dry sticks! It must be afraid of water!

Jim used what remained of his spent strength to heave the foul thing over barbed wire into an equally foul liquid.

The creature grunted, moaned, then finally howled as moisture

(Continued on page 46)

# TELL US ABOUT IT

(Following is a letter complete as we received it from one of our subscribers. Usually such a communication would find a place in Notes From Our Readers, but we feel that this particular one is so eerie, so strange, that we would like very much to share it with you. Please feel free to write in and let us know your opinions on it. We withheld the writer's name on particular request, but his identity is of no importance to the story. We hope that you will be as amazed and puzzled as we were when you read this true story—from beyond the grave!)

(The Editor)

Dear Sir:

It is not my custom to write to magazines, but in this case I must make an exception. The simple truth is that I can't hold it in anymore and have to tell someone about my experience. My friends and family would just laugh and think that I were joking with them. The fact of the matter is, however, that it did happen and what's more, it happened to me.

First let me say that I am no crackpot. I don't—or at least I didn't—believe in ghosts. I hold a doctor's degree in linguistics, don't drink or smoke, and to be perfectly honest, have no sense of imagination at all. I couldn't have made up my experiences simply because it's not part of my mental make-up to delight in flights of fancy. And I have no explanation for what has happened to me.

A few months back I went to Italy to study comparative linguistics. I stopped off in Rome a few days, then went to Florence where I had rented an old villa in advance.

When I arrived at the old mansion, which I believe dates back to 1453, I was met at the door by my servant, Joseph. He was visibly disturbed, and when I asked what was troubling him, he said, "Strange noises at night, sir." But he refused to elaborate on the matter any further.

I shrugged it off. Joseph is an old man and pretty set in his ways. I knew he resented our leaving England and going to Italy.

It was late when I arrived, and after a simple supper, I retired for the night.

About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by what sounded like low moanings. Summoning Joseph, I searched for the source of the noise. From what we could figure, it was coming from the exact centre of my chamber. Approximately an hour later, the moans subsided. I went back to bed and slept soundly.

On the next night, the same noises occurred, and on the next, and again on the following night. Finally a week had gone by. Not once was my rest uninterrupted by the unhappy noise.

I went to a colleague of mine, a local scholar of the history of Florence. After explaining my experiences, I expected him to laugh. Instead, he was quite serious. It seems that the villa I had been occupying was once the home of a rich and powerful Renaissance nobleman. This gentleman, Alonzo D'Ambrozia, had a beautiful daughter who was the beloved of the young and handsome Captain of the Guards. Signor D'Ambrozia refused to allow his daughter to marry this commoner. A terrific fight ensued and Captain Ortonizzi disappeared

completely from the face of the earth.

Naturally I felt that this had nothing to do with my nightly complainer. Ghosts belong with the Easter Bunny and Father Christmas—not with grown men of learning. But the sounds continued. I was becoming quite annoyed.

Finally in desperation I went to see the owner of the mansion. This fellow could see that I was very angry, and anxious lest he lose a good tenant, agreed to do everything in his power to stop my nocturnal friend.

That same night he and I stood in my sleeping chamber. When the moans began we carefully traced them to their source. I had said before that they were located in the centre of the room. But my calculations were slightly off because the noise was emanating not from the air but from the floor. We put an X on the spot.

Next morning the owner arrived with several tools. We carefully removed the marble flooring—underneath we discovered bricks. This meant there was a hidden room under mine! We broke through the brick and one of the owner's men descended via a rope. He came up pale as a ghost.

We made the hole bigger and we all climbed into it. Careful inspection proved that this unknown room dated clearly from the late Renaissance.

In a corner we found a skeleton chained to the wall. From several scattered papers lying about, my scholar friend discovered that these were indeed the remains of the unfortunate Ortonizzi.

We broke through another wall



and found ourselves in an unused portion of the cellar. The Signor obviously had the Captain murdered to prohibit a union with his daughter, then walled up the young soldier behind a facade of brick. In later alterations of the house, the new bricks were covered over with plaster and gradually forgotten.

Upon further investigation I discovered that Ortonizzi had disappeared in October of 1570. At intervals of exactly an hundred years, inhabitants of the villa were plagued by noises all during the month of October. At the conclusion of that month, the noises stopped as abruptly as they had begun.

We broke down the remaining walls, and with the padre's per-

mission, buried the pitiful skeleton decently in consecrated church ground.

The following night, as with the rest of my evenings spent in Italy, I was no longer bothered by low moans of anguish.

I am here in America now, a wiser but more confused man. According to Canon law, no soul can go to heaven unless the physical body is interred in holy soil. Did I free Ortonizzi's spirit, or was the whole thing just a question of gravity, air pockets or small rodents? An American colleague of mine, whose hobby is the scientific disproof of supernatural happenings, said that most encounters with ghosts can be explained in terms

of physics. My Italian villa trapped air between the marble floor and the brick ceiling of the hidden room underneath it. During the damp month of October, clinks in the bricks swelled and allowed air to come rushing in from the cellar, thus causing the sound—almost like blowing into an empty bottle. That we found an actual skeleton was, according to him, mere coincidence.

Since I seriously doubt that I shall be around in 2070 to see if the noise continues, I suppose that I will never be quite sure one way or the other. But I am beginning to think that science is unable to explain many things that strike terror into the hearts of civilized man.

Dr. A.L.  
THE END

# Letters

Dear Sir:

If that letter appearing in the last issue of your magazine is a true one, I believe I can help Mr. O'Connor. He says he has been cursed by the wife of a man he beat up in a bar-room brawl and wonders how he can free himself of the chain of bad luck that resulted from her spell. It can be done, but I must stress the fact that it is nothing to tamper with. If one has a curse laid on him, he may use this to counter-act it. But it is no joke, nothing to play with. Those who would use this as a mere form of an amusement had better be warned.

The cursed one must climb fully dressed into a bath tub filled with water as hot as bearable, to which three tablespoons of salt have been added in a counter-clockwise motion. He kneels, then stands up. Without saying a word (for mortal speech would destroy the delicate bridge between the mundane and the superior forces) he must leave the bathroom and go out into the night. Standing in an open field, meadow or park, he must out stretch his arms and say the following three times: UN-CURSE ME, OMIGHTY ONES OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS!

The spell will be lifted immediately. But again I must warn—do not use this spell foolishly for

I will not be held responsible for the results.

Belinda Jenkins

Dear Sir:

I am working on a book about the lives and powers of some of the world's greatest sorcerers. Included in my list are such men as Marcus Aurelius, Julian, Nostradamus and Pico della Mirandola. Also women like Zenobia, Dido and Eleanor of Aquitaine. I would appreciate it very much if any of your readers could send me lists of where I could obtain source material, biographies, actual writings, etc. Any information received would be greatly appreciated.

Dr. Richard Michaelson

*(Editor's Note: If any of our readers do possess such information and are interested in furthering the knowledge of witchcraft and sorcery in the United States, Canada and England, they may send the information to Dr. Michaelson in care of this magazine. But please, only bona fide scholarship is called for.)*

Dear Sir:

Most of the kids at school think the supernatural's full of baloney, and they make fun of me because I believe in it. But I got even. I asked my mom (who's a witch and a very good one) to cast a spell on the entire school. Everybody except me and a few of my friends who have sense enough not to make fun of something they don't understand, flunked final exams and had to go to summer school.

They're really mad at me, but at least now they listen. That's all—I just thought you might be interested in the doings of a junior-league witch.

Donna Eis Bellum

Dear Sir:

I'm climbing the walls and I don't know what to do bout it. Last month we bought a

beautiful house in the country. It was very cheap. We found out later why. The place is literally swarming with ghosts—all different kinds. Some hide in the closets and scare you when you open the door. Others keep throwing books off the shelves. And there's a pesky one up in the attic that moans the whole night long. My back hurts from picking up books and that awful groaning keeps everyone in the family from getting enough sleep.

We've tried to be reasonable when we told each ghost he could haunt and throw things and sob between the hours of nine AM and eight PM. That way they could get all their haunting out of their systems and we could get some rest. And besides, I don't like to be alone. I enjoy doing the housework knowing that there's somebody around to keep me company.

But the ghosts haven't followed our plan. I hate to suggest it, but we're thinking about exorcising them. We've warned them time and time again, and since they're so stubborn and selfish, they can just go and find a new home.

Does anyone know of a good way to rid the house of ghosts? I think there are seven of them and I guess the spell has to be a pretty strong one. Please help!

Mrs. Martha Scott

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# ADVENTURES IN

# WITCHCRAFT



by WHITTIER FOWLES

**T**HE USE of animals in witchcraft derives from two separate and distinct sources. In the first, the Mediterranean forms of magic, the animal is a partner of the witch or wizard; in the second, the Atrican form, the animal is the sacrifice. In the first, the animal is a partner of the invoked God; in the second, it is a blood offering.

Most of us are quite familiar with the sacrificial form of worship. It is very ancient and is based on the belief that death is a necessary ingredient of witchcraft, that blood is the symbol of death.

No doubt, in many areas, the animal is merely a substitute for human sacrifice. Certainly under civilized forms of government, the killing of a human being is looked upon as murder. There are too many policemen present and too much inspection for murder to be safe. Of course it is carried out occasionally, even today. But for their own well being, most sects, excepting only the most fanatic, have abjured human sacrifice as far too dangerous.

Even in primitive societies, murder is avoided wherever possible. It is too easy under savage beliefs, for the spirit of the sacrifice to return and revenge itself on the killers, no matter how possible. Very

primitive societies believe that every human death must be paid for with another death. And there is no way to avoid it. Even the power of the greatest witch doctor is minor compared to the power of a dead spirit. So, except in the case of warfare, murder is avoided at all costs. This is a practical necessity for the basic safety of the village and the social structure.

As a result, there has been, both in the past and in the present, among civilized and savage groups, a widespread substitution of animal for human sacrifice.

Animal sacrifice has a secondary use. Animals are food. And to the primitive the God must eat too. His likes are the same as his human subject's likes. So, by giving him flesh that they enjoy, they are pleasing him and placating him.

Among civilized societies, the symbolism of blood has replaced the symbolism of food. Blood is the greatest sacrifice that can be given. It speaks of death. It speaks of the offer of a living soul. Sometimes, a single drop of human blood, from a willing participant, is mixed with the animal blood. In that way, the offer of a living human soul is given along with the life of the sacrifice. It is the mark of utter dedication.

While almost all of us know a great deal about animals as sacrifices, we in the mass, are less knowledgeable about the use of animals as familiars, that is necessary assistants in the performances of witchcraft.

In the Mediterranean tradition, most Gods and Goddesses took animal form at one time or another. In fact, animals were often worshipped; as the bull was worshipped on Crete, or the Cat in Egypt.

With the disappearance of these older religions in the area, the principle Gods of the older civilizations were transformed into aspects of the Devil. And the ancient

books of the primitive religions, especially those of the secret aspects, became highly desired texts of the Devil worshippers. The books of the Grecian Oracles, The Egyptian Book of the Dead are primary examples of this.

As transformed into modern witchcraft, the animal has become a sort of assistant devil, a creature with definite powers. But these powers cannot be used without the intervention of a human agent. This agent, the witch or the warlock, can instruct the familiar to use its powers to cast a spell on any person or thing. The combined powers of the human agent and the animal are irresistible.

In some aspects, it is believed that the human and the animal are interchangeable, that the animal can turn into the witch, or the witch hide as the animal.

This is a source of fear, particularly in the case of black cats, who are reputed to contain the greatest number of familiars. But true witchcraft does not limit itself to black cats. Any cat—any animal will do. Many famous witches of history have owned tabbies.

Popular belief holds to black. They fear not only the black cat but the crow, the raven, the black leopard, the black bear, the silver fox, the black snake and the black dog as well. It's simply a matter of the common mind equating black with the Devil.

In fact, there is no relation between the color of the animal and its use as a familiar. Every ancient book on true witchcraft emphasizes this. Even the white swan and the white goose have been true familiars—probably a derivation from the myth of Leda and the Swan.

But regardless of reason, animals have been essential to witchcraft for more than 2500 years. And there is no reason to assume that there will be any less influence in the present or the future. ■

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## ZOMBIES WALKED

(Continued from page 12)

long in the grave, were their only garments. In unison, they gave forth a low moan and stood about the blood-splattered post in shriveled postures that mocked life.

The old man raised his arm. The troupe of terrors marched slowly back into the thick, tangled jungle-growth.

Eustace tugged at Fitzgerald's shirt, and almost like a zombie himself, he followed her back to the village.

Wiping fear-caused sweat from his receding hairline, he said in a quivering voice that still shook from the sight, "I never knew those stories were true. Now I believe."

"You shall believe a great deal more before long, *ma cher*."

AFTERWARDS in his own room Fitzgerald lay fully dressed on the bed and smoked a cigar. He clenched the thick stub in his yellowed teeth. "Stupid, here you got a real money-maker on your hands and you nearly don't even see it. Jeez, I must be losing the old touch."

His plan was simple: drop Eustace as a meal ticket and take up with the old man. His zombie freaks could be worth plenty. Free coolie labor; a standing army that never had to be fed or clothed, who wouldn't die; unquestioning slaves. And he, Jim Fitzgerald, would be the leader. Sure, he'd have to cut the old fool in on some of the profits, but suppose . . . Jim got up and scrounged around in his battered suitcase. Taking out an old envelope, he began to write down numbers. The way he figured it, he'd be a multi-millionaire in less than a week. Hell, he could run a whole country. Or even the world with those dead creeps.

He lay back on his bed, hands behind his head. All sleep forgotten



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now, he waited for the dawn, for the time he could talk to the old man.

That morning in the lobby, he was surprised. Eustace, who still had to play interpreter, wasn't in the least shocked by the suggestion. And her grandfather actually seemed to welcome the get-rich scheme.

"I guess they don't take their dumb religion very serious," Fitzgerald said to himself after the short discussion. "But that don't surprise me none. Most religions is full of it anyway."

It wouldn't be very cool right then for Jim to return to the States and he decided to hang around in Haiti until he got enough cash to go back. He'd take Eustace and grandpa, plus a few of the goons, maybe settle in the wilds of Florida (where the ground was solid), and wait. Then when the prospects looked good, he'd make the big move. And if luck was with him, he'd learn the secret process or whatever it was and then get rid of the old guy. "Dispose of the middleman and you make profit," a mail-order course in business management had told him years ago. He planned to put the advice to literal use. But Eustace—he'd keep her. She was fun—a real swinging chick. With a little more polish, she could be the right sort of mistress for the ruler of the world.

He lazily scratched himself and turned over to sleep. Soon his heavy snores filled the dingy rented room as his mind drifted away to pleasant fantasies of lavish houses and twelve-course dinners that would be his in only a short time.

**H**E AWOKE at dusk. By a previous agreement, he was to meet Eustace in her room when the night had come. He watched the deepening shadows with a growing lust. Finally the sun set fully behind the hills. He got up. The rusty bedsprings groaned with pleasure as they were relieved from an agonizing weight.

Fitzgerald quietly shuffled his enormous feet to her door. He knocked.

A whispered "Come in" was the result.

He turned the knob and entered the small room. Eustace was lying on her bed in darkness, toying with what appeared to be a tiny blot of fur in the gloom.

"Put on a light," she commanded.

Jim turned to light an old-

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fashioned oil lamp next to the bed. In the flickering glare, he gasped.

Eustace was playing with a small, human head!

"This? It is nothing, just a relic from my family. It came from Africa three centuries ago. Just a plaything." She tossed the grisly object across the room. It landed with a dull thud against the wallboard.

"There's much work to be done. Follow me." She got up, left the room and walked down the dim corridor into the lobby. Then with firm steps, she quit the hotel and stepped out into the night. Fitzgerald lumbered after her, like a huge puppy, fearful, yet anxious to please.

She took him to the same clearing where he had witnessed the heart-stopping arrival of the monsters. The grandfather stood waiting at a respectful distance from the sacred post.

"Before you enter into a business proposition with our people," Eustace said solemnly, "you must be initiated into our rite or the zombies will not follow your orders."

The grandfather began slowly to dress himself in the weird garb. Eustace helped him where ancient, gnarled fingers could no longer tie the intricate, delicate bows and knots that were all a part of the magic somehow. Eventually he stood in the ceremonial pit, fully clothed in the clerical costume of the Highest Priest.

He gestured and Jim walked over to the area indicated by the slight movement of a hand twisted by extreme age.

Other believers had by this time congregated near the meeting place. They stood in a circle where the close-packed earth joined the free-growing jungle. All waited quietly.

Again, the ancient language was recited. Fitzgerald could hear the words at close range and was thrilled by the heavy beauty of a speech older than the most archaic artifact of a dead civilization.

A living barnyard fowl again was handed to the Priest. It met the fate of its predecessor. A long knife served to spread its blood into a secret sign on the post.

Jim was bidden to kneel in front of the gory symbol. He did so, and felt a tremor of excitement ride through the sagging folds of his torso.

Eustace started to moan and flung herself on the ground in the same manner that the village woman had done. Soon the rest of

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a true story by Bob Ferrel

many things we could not afford before. My efforts were so much more productive. I scheduled my time to my own liking. When we wanted a day or two off, we took it. We worked hard but, if I wanted to be home early or quit at noon, I did.

This is not a business for a lazy man. But if a man is ambitious and will work to deserve those nice things in life we all want, this business is made to order for such a man.

I became so enthusiastic about this business and so appreciative of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had each new dealer in my section of Michigan send a day with me. One day the president of Duraclean Company asked me how I would like to move to Headquarters and spend my entire time helping dealers to increase their sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then I have worked with hundreds of our dealers in their own towns and at regional meetings, conventions and dealer group meetings. But much of the time I am right here at my desk in touch with our dealers by letter and telephone.

Incidentally I sold my dealership at a good profit. Dealers sell their Duraclean businesses for up to ten times their cost. After 30 months, Les Lubel sold for \$7,116 above his cost. If for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we have a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Our job here at headquarters is to show each individual Duraclean dealer how to use his money to bring him greatest success. I know hundreds of our dealers on a first name basis. We work together as one happy family. If you become a Duraclean dealer, I'll be as close to you as your telephone or mail box.

## It's Easier than You Think

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If you're wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS... to become financially independent and have a fast growing income, now YOU CAN. And you own a Nationally Advertised business.

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If you hire two servicemen (full or part time) while you keep your job, the national price guide provides you a gross profit of \$12 an hour on their work and this is much easier to do than you think. We show you how... step by step. That's \$420 for a \$5 hour wage.

Your gross profit on three servicemen is \$18 per hour. Duraclean dealers find it easy to gross \$8 an hour on EACH serviceman plus \$9 an hour on any service they themselves render. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes clear net profit. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

You can operate from a shop, office, or your home. Equipment is light and portable.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself... or you can start with full or part time servicemen. This business is easy to learn... easy to start... so easy to service that women dealers do it. We prefer you have no experience. We have no "old man" days.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to make this contact.

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you step by step how to quickly get customers... and still more customers from our recommendations. You'll see & superior service that is rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels and institutions.

These are not ordinary services. You have

the prestige and endorsement of leading furniture makers and carpet mills, of Parents' Magazine and McCall's, of Research and Testing Laboratories.

National magazine advertising explains superior merits of your services, builds your customer confidence and brings job leads to you.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. We'll reveal his many successful, proven methods. You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Stores, upholstery, insurance adjusters, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

## Start Small, Grow Big in This Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing... a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan... and those same men are now enjoying a Duraclean dealership in many communities. You don't experiment. You use tested, proven methods. You have our backing and "know how."

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation. You'll then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big. A third century old Duraclean was an idea... but it caught fire and spread to a world wide service. Why did it spread? (1) superior processes, (2) proven customer-getting methods (3) Day to day guidance from Headquarters.

Our first service, the easy upholstery and carpets not only cleans, it enlivens the fibers... revives dull colors. Pile rises with new life. There's no harsh machine scrubbing. No soaking. Mild suds scrub from lightly applied lifts out dirt, grease, many unsightly spots like magic. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

Government figures show service businesses are growing faster than industry and stores... \$150 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. Your 5 other services are explained in the free booklet we'll mail you.

Less than \$1000 establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than pays the monthly minimum expense for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and, with first shipment, enough materials to return your TOTAL investment. If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership, before someone takes your location.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in your life.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business.

You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY. Cut it out NOW so you won't forget to mail it.

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SOME YEARS AGO I was a printer in a small Michigan town. I drew a pretty fat pay check but it wouldn't stretch far enough to provide the kind of living I wanted for my wife and five children.

Then one day I was reading a magazine just as you now are and I saw an ad. It intrigued me. It offered me the steadily growing income I had always hoped for. It said I would have greater security and personal independence... and that's what I had been wanting.

I was a little skeptical, but I said to myself, "for a postage stamp I can find out." So I mailed the coupon. In a few days, I got a letter with a booklet that gave the whole story. It opened my eyes. I could see why owning my own business was so much easier than I had always thought... why this day to day guidance of a successful worldwide organization could assure my own success.

I read the booklet several times. It just seemed too good to be true. I talked it over with my wife. We decided that now was the time to make the forward step... there was no reason to keep postponing an income increase.

So, I applied for a Duraclean dealership and I was accepted. I stayed with my job... ran a few ads... sent some mailings... contacted a few stores and told my friends about the superior service I was now equipped to give them. Evenings and Saturdays, I rendered the service. As the business grew, I added servicemen.

I found that I didn't have to develop a single idea myself. Every step had been prepared for me and pre-tested. Hundreds of other men had already proven my methods successful.

It didn't take long to see that I was making three to four times (yes, 3 to 4 times) as much per hour in my own business as in my printing job. So, after only seven months with a good following of customers, I quit my job to go full time on my own. In the meantime, I had enjoyed this extra income on top of my salary.

Each day, we realized what a serious mistake not mailing that coupon would have been... and how that little act that seemed so trivial at the time actually changed our lives.

The steadily growing income brought us



my car be fixed by tomorrow?"

The planchette made a bee-line to the "yes" spot.

"Hoo-ray. That's good to hear."

"Go on. Ask another question."

"OK. Will I get a raise next month?"

This time the answer was no.

Ralph asked more questions involving his friends, job and family until Elsa gently interrupted him.

"I can sense the planchette is getting angry with all the silly questions you've been putting to it. Now ask something deeper."

"I can't think of anything. You ask."

"All right. Is there such a thing as black magic?"

Yes

"Can you hurt somebody without actually touching her?"

Yes

"Is good stronger than evil?"

No

Ralph was getting a little nervous with the line of questioning. "Let's make it answer some questions that it has to spell out."

"Fine with me. Who is Ralph thinking about now?"

Unwaveringly, the Planchette went to the letters M, Y, R, A, then stopped.

Ralph was astounded. "But I never told you my wife's name. How did you do it?"

Elsa looked up and smiled. "I didn't do anything. The board did. You'd be surprised at what the ouija knows. Let me ask another one. Is there somebody in this room who has power over ordinary people? And if so, who?"

The triangle went to "yes" and spelled Elsa's name. Then it went back and marked out R, A, L, P, H. "Oops, looks like we've got another one on our hands."

"Another what? And I still don't understand how you work that thing."

"Another witch, dum-dum. And I told you before I don't do a thing to make ouija work. Oh yes, I forgot to tell you. I'm a witch. That's why the town hates me. But I'm also a great teacher and they know they couldn't get anybody half as good as I for double my salary. They might be superstitious, but they know good business when they see it."

Ralph was spell-bound and listened with open mouth as Elsa explained. There were two sorts of witches. One kind, like Elsa, inherited it and learned from earliest childhood how to cast spells and, as she put it, "to make things



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caressing voice.

"Yeah, I want revenge."

Elsa told him the spell. It was strange but she had already taught him most of it anyway. They would send Myra's lover out on an errand; the lights in the house would go out; a rope would walk in from the garage and strangle her—that was all.

Together they said the spell and Ralph felt relief flood his soul. But immediately after pronouncing the fatal words, everything became deathly quiet.

"God, Elsa—what's happening to you?"

In the flickering light of the open fire, the girl seemed to be aging right in front of his eyes. Soft skin became wrinkled, eyes bagged, erect posture stooped and shriveled.

Elsa cackled. "You fool. A witch can take on any form she wants. I knew all about you even before you got out of the car. It was simple to make myself look like Myra. Now you see me as I really am." She took a mirror from the wall and gazed into it. "Very pretty. But not as pretty as your precious Myra right now!"

"Myra! My God—I've killed her!" "Yes, you did. Now listen fool," Elsa's voice took on a hard edge, "even though you had the power all your life, you were pure, innocent until you used it. Look at yourself now!"

She handed Ralph the square of cracked looking glass. He took it. With hands that visibly trembled, he raised the mirror to his eyes.

"Aahh!" he screamed and flung the mirror from his sight. A hideous monster was reflected in the glass. Green-red teeth set in a lop-sided mouth, bulging blood-shot eyes, a nose hanging down past a triple-cleft chin—a mockery of the human form!

Elsa's words dripped scorn for the thing that cowered before her. "As the bride of Satan, I am commanded to bring recruits into his service. You are now the slave of Satan—for all eternity!"

Ralph whimpered in fear at her feet.

"Go now, idiot. To everyone else you will appear normal. But only we know what you really are. The slightest command by either my husband or me you shall follow immediately."

She spat out her disgust as tongues of flame shot from her outstretched hands. Ralph felt them enter his body, and howled in anguish. Unbearable pain gripped his heart.

"Get out of my sight until I call you back again!"

Moaning in agony, Ralph crawled out into the night.

THE END

approached the entrance.

The pair exploded through rubble as the escape was made good.

A crowd had gathered. Mary struggled free from the mass and ran to them. She helped support Carol's wilted body.

She looked over the unconscious girl's tangled hair and asked: "What happened?"

As the police came to take charge, Jim murmured slowly, "I really don't know. Maybe it thought it had to defend its property again. Perhaps we dreamed the whole thing. I can't say anymore." THE END

## LAST DEATH PROWL

(Continued from page 25)

element, the one that changes you into a wolf. The book says that only a few of these third cells are present in the victim's blood. But your blood must be full of them. They remain in the marrow and appear only during the times when you are a wolf. The white corpuscles will gorge on them and leave the oxygen-carrying red cells alone."

Charles wasn't sure.

"Nonsense, it might work. You've got nothing to lose. There'll be a full moon in three nights. Come back then."

Charles did. He walked into the library and was amazed at the transformation. The windows were almost completely boarded up—only a small creak in the wooden armour let in any sunlight. There was also a huge lock on the door, bolted from the outside.

"My landlady things I've gone insane," the Professor chuckled as he hammered the last board into place. He called, "All right, Mrs. Allen, you can lock us in now."

"But what if this doesn't work and I attack you? You know I have no control over myself as a wolf."

"Don't worry about that. I can hold you at bay if we're unsuccessful. I've taken the liberty of borrowing some of Mrs. Allen's silver jewelry." He pulled aside his shirt to show Charles a garish assortment of rings, chains, crosses and necklaces tied across his withered chest. "Not in very good taste, but it's certainly functional."

Charles and his elderly friend waited for the rising of the moon. When the first beams came shyly through the opening left for it in the boarded-up window, Charles felt the stirring in his body. He groaned, writhed in agony on the floor. He moaned, clutched his face to his tense hands.

But nothing else came of it.

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## MAD MONSTER

(Continued from page 33)

seeped into the arid creases of dried-out leather.

Jim fumbled in darkness for the unprotesting Carol. He found her and ran down the tunnel, echoes of a thing in agony ringing in his ears. Pitch, black, dark, then grey as they

Charles was cured.

He got to his feet and wiped the sweat from his brow.

"Two evils—one medical and the other supernatural—keeping each other from destroying the body. Charles, you're the first man in history to be saved from lycanthropy. You can lead a normal life, marry Susan and raise a batch of healthy, untainted children. And in God's good time, you can depart from this beautiful earth with dignity and pride."

He put his arm across Charles' shoulders in a fatherly embrace. They unboarded a window. And together both men watched as the moon turned the world into silver.

THE END

## GHOST IS COMING

(Continued from page 16)

"the head gardener sneaked up to the fourth floor—where the servant's quarters were—and tried to attack one of the maids. She screamed and tried to fight him off. All the other servants were too frightened to move. The gardener chased the girl down the stairs until he caught her. He threw her over the bannister and she landed right over there," Martha pointed over the balustrade to an area bathed in moonlight from the hall window. "She broke her neck and died instantly. The man ran off into the night. After the family came back, they moved away. They had to. They kept hearing screams and footfalls and sounds of bodies hurtling through space." She ended with a dramatic rise in her voice. "Nobody's been able to live here since!"

"Very impressive I'm sure. Let's go up to the fourth floor."

"Henry, do you think we should? After all—that's where the ghosts are."

He didn't answer her and Martha had to run to follow him up the stairs.

The servants' quarters were dreary enough—tiny cubicles with peeling wallpaper and deep-set windows. But everything was quiet and there were no footprints in the fine dust that covered the floor—none but their own.

They went down and decided to wait in the main hall. Seating themselves against the front door, the pair watched the shadows of trees move against the walls and create fantastic patterns on grim plaster.

Finally Henry said: "Come on, let's leave. I told you nothing would happen."

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**H**ENRY STRAINED his ears. He did hear something. "Probably just the wind. I thought I told you before that these old houses were

"No, it's not the wind. Listen!"

Footsteps on the main stairs! Henry marched over. "There's nothing here," he called to his near-hysterical wife. "I can't—damn!" He cursed as his candle was blown out. He couldn't get it lighted again. "Some sort of draft I guess."

He walked over to his wife and she held on to his hand.

Both jumped as a scream cut through the night.

"Just a cat," said Henry, now not quite so sure.

Lighter footfalls matched the heavier ones—something was running through the rooms on the fourth floor. A door slammed—another scream. More footsteps. Then silence.

Henry was terrified. He looked down at his wife. Her face was calm, almost beautiful, youthful. He remembered that under extreme fear, the skin of the face tightens, giving the appearance of renewed youth to the sagging folds of flesh.

A heart-rendering wail brought both of them to their feet. It was just above them!

Almost mesmerized by fear they both stumbled into the main hall. There was nothing there—just moonlight streaming through an old house. Did they imagine the whole thing? Henry was beginning to question it. Terror is contagious and perhaps he caught some of his wife's hysteria. And then there was always the...

Another shriek broke the night! Henry clutched the trembling Martha to his side. They looked up to the second story bannister. Wind rushed past them in an attempt to fill in a vacuum left by—what? There wasn't anything to cause it.

More footfalls now. A male grunt and a female's pleading in undecipherable words. Then a wild scream as an unseen something hit the wooden floor right beside the stricken couple.

"Stop it, whatever you are!" Henry shouted at the top of his lungs. "Go back to hell!"

Martha slumped to her feet—a mass of quivering terror.

The wind ceased rustling. Moonlight glittered in through grimy windows. Everything was still. Just an empty house at



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night—no noise broke the calmness.  
Dazed, Martha got up, clinging  
on to Henry. This time he didn't  
complain. The lines in his wife's  
face appeared again—the same  
homely, middle-aged face, although  
paler than usual, stared open-  
mouthed at him.

Henry looked down at the watch  
strapped to his trembling wrist.  
12:05. But that five minutes had  
lasted 90 years.

Martha reached down and picked  
up her pocket book. Arm in arm she  
and her husband left the house. At  
the door Henry paused to spring the  
lock.

A cool evening breeze began  
drying the sweat on their dirt-  
coated faces as they walked down  
the street leading to their house.

"I'll return the key tomorrow,  
Henry," Martha said weakly as  
they turned the corner to go home.

THE END

## DEVIL NEEDS SOUL

(Continued from page 29)

heighten the lofty feelings the  
ancient melody inspired.

Chris stumbled ahead, following  
the dim light. The pair climbed  
down a long flight of stairs. At the  
foot, Joel's arm reached out and  
touched her elbow.

"Wait here. I'll be back in a  
second."

Chris stood alone in the darkness,  
a little frightened, but at the same  
time, peace more complete than  
ever she had felt before filled her  
heart.

Joel returned carrying two  
bundles of cloth, one light and the  
other black.

"Go over to the corner and  
undress. Don't worry, nobody can  
see you there. After you've stripped  
yourself of everything, and that  
includes rings, watches, ribbons  
and pins," he added quietly, "put  
this on," handing her the white  
bundle. "The Master commands  
that his people be free of wordly  
objects."

Chris walked over to the corner,  
even darker than the rest of her  
surroundings, and stripped. She  
fumbled at her robe. It seemed  
almost alive—strange, queer  
material that clung to her curves,  
almost like hands trying to caress  
her body.

She finished putting on the  
skimpy costume and walked back to  
Joel. He was now dressed to match  
the man who had opened the door  
for them.

Chris glanced down at the floor  
and saw his street clothes lying in a

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heap. Like her, he was naked underneath, "pure," as he called it, for the King. But the robes, one dark and the other light, hid their modesty from the rest of the world.

Chris' heart was hammering and she felt light-headed. Joel took her hand in his and his cold strength gave her courage to enter the ceremonial chamber that opened like a dank cave at the foot of the stairs.

**E**LEVEN ROBED FIGURES, sitting with backs against the walls, stared at the new arrivals. Joel motioned wordlessly, and together they walked to the furthest corner and sat down on the cool floor.

The silence became intolerable and just as Chris felt herself going to explode from pent-up emotion, movement brought her back to her senses.

One of the figures nearer the front of the room had gotten up. Taking an ornate silver candlestick, apparently the same one used to usher them into the sacred building, he lighted the slim taper and placed it on a long, cloth-draped box that in the darkness Chris hadn't noticed before.

He spoke, but in such soft tones that Chris couldn't make out what he was saying.

Joel moved forward a few inches and turned his face so that his lips gently touched her ear. "The lector is speaking in the special language used to bring forth Satan. It's a hybrid tongue, a language made up of many others, and it's a mixture of ancient Greek, classical and medieval Latin, Old French, Anglo-Saxon and Old Hungarian. But after he finishes the Introit, he'll speak in English. Oh yes," he remarked, sensing a feeling of surprise in Chris, "it follows quite closely the usual rite of the Catholic mass." He paused, then added: "with a few changes, naturally."

The strange words uttered by the lector, the dark room, the hidden figures, the slight pressure of Joel's well-shaped lips on her ear—all, all seemed to hypnotize her, seemed to lull her body into a drug-induced stupor. Her mind soared and she imagined herself capable of looking down on the scene as from a great height.

The figure in the front of the chamber began speaking English. "Come, oh come, Satan. Incline thine ear and harken unto us, thy servants."

Another plainsong filled the room and Chris tried to force her brain

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into concentrating on which mode the new chant was in, but she couldn't shake the feeling of surrounding numbness.

"Like floating in boney," she muttered, to herself, "or being encased in amber. You can see outside and they can see in, but you can move only with difficulty." And to demonstrate her point to herself, she began slowly to wave her arms with the melody. Joel made no move to stop her, "Mother used to be angry with me in church. 'Don't fidget, she'd tell me. I'm glad Joel lets me," and she became engrossed in trying to make each finger follow the sweeping notes and cadences that made up the flowing strain.

**H**OURS LATER—or was it minutes?—the music stopped.

She was dimly aware that Joel had gotten to his feet and had bade her rise. Dreaming of childish fingers playing in light streaming eternally through stained glass memory-windows, she stood up. And feet scarcely feeling the floor beneath her, she followed him to the altar.

She was dimly aware that Joel had gotten to his feet and had bade her rise. Dreaming of childish fingers playing in light streaming eternally through stained glass memory-windows, she stood up. And feet scarcely feeling the floor beneath her, she followed him to the altar.

Another man joined Joel and both of them took one of Chris' arms as she sagged under the new experience. Then hands under armpits, they hoisted her up until she was sitting on the box.

"Lie down Chris," ordered Joel in a far-away voice, and she found herself obeying.

She turned her head and felt the figures on the altar cloth burn right through her eyes. She tensed, back arched as pain racked her body. There was nothing to cause it, nothing but the air. It was charged with electricity. It reeked of the too-fresh smell of ozone. It crinkled and crackled all about her.

Deep down in her mind, Chris thought: "I think I am going to SCREAM!"

"Stop! Help! Somebody HELP ME!"

Firm hands reached out and forced struggling shoulders and knees back down on the cloth. Her mind was split—part of her wanted to be free; but the other, bigger part was ready to accept anything. She must have more of that peace, of

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that amber-coated separation from the agony of the world, from a God who didn't seem to care anymore. Satan lived. He gave peace to his people.

She watched in rapt fascination as the other figures rose and crowded around her. Somewhere a knife was produced. A slight twitch, and a tiny droplet of blood intensified the creamy whiteness of her skin. Another flick and a second scarlet dot joined the first, and both coursed their way down her downy flesh.

A third chant was begun—this one louder, more demanding than the others. Robes swaying in time to the plainsong as participants of the mass became involved in the summoning of Satan.

"Behold, he comes!" This from Joel, but a Joel Chris had never seen before. Eyes glowing, growing bigger than in life, Joel's features contorted in sublime agony as the Dark One knifed and slashed his way into the clear, airy recess of human soul and heart.

"I command the sacrifice be completed."

The echoes of the new voice pounded on the walls of the small, closed room. Chris' ear—where before it had felt a warm embrace of lover's lips—exploded. Blood, delicate bone and membrane shattered at the sound.

All was encased in silence now for Chris. Her body and mind soared—faster, faster until the acceleration threatened to leave her unconscious. The room spun. The draped altar acted as fulcrum as all other objects whirled about her swirling head. All but Joel.

A gleam of pointed steel cut through the insanity of motion. Into her breast one, two three times—until in a frenzy of movement Chris felt herself hurled forward. To heaven, to hell—it was all the same. Darkness closed. It spun, danced, cavorted. Blankness of space and eternal amber. The union of time and space. She was being propelled quicker, quicker now into the opening abyss that yawned before her.

A new song—triumphant choir of doomed souls—howled and greeted her. Glow, heat, blazing red enveloped her being. Then—nothingness forever as she spun in ever-widening circles into hell—and beyond!

A few days later, Joel found the book lying on his front seat. He had quit his job and was heading for a new one at another college. He





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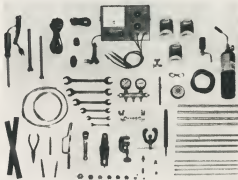
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THE END

## VAMPIRE'S FANGS

(Continued from page 8)

in the pond. Somewhere in the distance an owl in search of fieldmice sounded a low hoot as it found its prey. The eyes of gentle night animals glistened for a moment then disappeared in the green-black foliage of overhanging trees and fragrant bushes.

Five hundred yards down the moon-bathed road shone yet another set of lights. Harsh, cold, these were man-lights. Bill Paracelus sat at a table and gazed through the window. Moonlight had turned his neighbors' roof to a dull silver, melted down, and transformed the glass of the bedroom window to glowing jewels.

He got up, extinguished the lamp, and opening the door, stepped out into the cool evening. He began to walk slowly down the road.

Clouds appeared and hid the moon behind a velvet curtain. There were new night sounds now—animals scurrying away into the forest, a frightened mother possum calling to her lost children, a bat swooping low in the heavens.

Paracelus had primed things well, had rehearsed in his mind the great conversion of soul into something else.

He approached the great oak growing near the window and peered through the glass at the two sleeping forms. He drew his cloak about him and opened wide his eyes.

Beth stirred, tossed, threw off the bedclothes. Her eyes snapped open, then half closed in dream.

She imagined herself getting up carefully not to awaken Frank. Then walking to the door, opening it and gliding into the hall, she fancied herself going to the front door. For a moment the rush of cool air brought her to the brink of consciousness, then disappeared as the two glowing eyes burned their way into her mind.

Paracelus stood in front of her. A slight movement of his right eye caused her to turn and head to the couch. In the dream Paracelus followed. He sat and she knelt before him. Leaning over, he flicked a dry tongue across her throat—it became numb. A flurry of movement, another lick but with

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the tongue now wet. Beth arose and walked back to the bedroom. Paracelus closed the front door after him.

"DEAR, I'm sorry I burned the eggs. I just don't know what's the matter with me today. I feel so tired that I could fall asleep on a red ant hill and not feel a thing."

Frank looked down at his watch and gulped his coffee. "Honey, I've got to get going or I'll be late." He got up and kissed her. He started to walk to the door. Frank turned, and laughing, said, "You know, it just might be that after two weeks you're not used to being a little loving. Such a delicate, tender little nymph like you."

Beth grabbed a handful of potholders and began throwing them at Frank. She was built like a healthy farmer's girl and both of them knew it. She chased him to the car still tossing them. Frank leaned out of the window and kissed her. Then he started the engine and drove off. "I'll be home at six, honey," he called.

Beth smiled and waved as the car drove out of sight behind the trees. She bent down to pick up the scattered potholders then grabbed the picket fence for support. She felt as if all the life had been drained out of her, and nearly fainted. After a few moments she was all right, finished collecting her ammunition and headed back to the house.

That night after coffee, Frank leaned across the table and took his wife's hand. "Beth, I don't like the way you're looking. Are you still tired? Maybe you should see the doctor tomorrow."

Beth brushed a strand of hair from her eyes. "I'm all right, Frank. Just a little tired, that's all."

They went to bed earlier that night and for the first time in their married life, Beth had refused Frank's advances. But he knew she wasn't feeling well and they both turned over and went to sleep.

Again moonlight streamed through the heavens as Paracelus made his way to the little house. Once more he beckoned with his eyes and Beth followed him. This time out in the damp grass he bade her kneel and the dry tongue put to flit all pain.

"With one more meeting you'll be mine—to roam forever in the hills of the night. Eternal life will be yours. Wolves and bats will be your minions and you shall have power over all the earth."

He led her back to the house and

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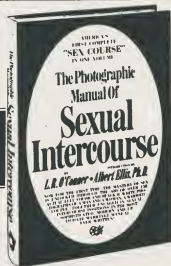
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enough. Go. Leave if you've got any brains. Here, take this book and get out." The doctor reached into the desk drawer and took out a dog-eared volume. Then he quickly escorted Frank to the door.

The wind had picked up, sending slashes of rain stinging against Frank's face. He walked on the muddy sidewalk until he came to a street lamp. Shielding his eyes from the rain, he turned the small book over. In the howling night and flickering light he saw: **A PRACTICAL HISTORY OF VAMPIRES!**

"Beth!" he shouted. "Dear God, I've got to get back to her!"

He ran to the parking lot and struggling against the wind, managed to open the car door. Frantically he climbed in and tired to start the engine—nothing! He twisted the key again and the car leapt into action. The windshield wipers were going full strength but Frank still couldn't see more than a few feet in front of him.

He drove as quickly as possible through the deserted streets until he came to the dirt road that lead home.

"Damn!" he shouted as the front left wheel buried itself deep into oozing mud. He tried to rock the car but it wouldn't budge. No car would make it through the near-swamp that was now the road.

He got out and began to run, but stopped exhaustedly as the gale switched directions and now howled against him. Slowly, fighting the wind every inch of the way, he walked through mud and fallen trees. Then—"god, no!" A tree uprooted by the wind fell on him.

He came to hours later, mud and water stung his eyes and choked his breathing. Frank tried to lift the branch that pinned him to the earth but couldn't budge the wood. "I've got to get back to Beth," he moaned to the wind, felt tears of desperation course their way down mud-caked cheeks.

Frank still couldn't move the heavy tree. But wait—the ground was soft! Painfully positioning himself, Frank began to dig into the muck. It was exhausting work. After an hour of labor, he had cleared room enough to be able to extract his right foot. Then using it as a lever, he pushed himself clear of the tree. Pain came and he nearly fainted again. His left leg was broken.

Frank shook his head to clear it of

its fog and began to crawl on hands and bleeding knees.

In the howling night, flying terror, wind rushing insanely to destruction, a lone figure crawled quietly, sobbing brokenly, trying to save what he loved most of all.

The bend of trees, now mostly twisted and uprooted, met his eyes. Then the lights of his home—but wait! What was going on in the living room? Frank pulled himself up into an agonizing crouch and looked through the window. Paracelus was basking Beth in a sickening embrace.

He was too late—Beth had passed into eternity!

Nothing was important now. Frank dropped back and hit his hand on a piece of pointed picket fence that had broken loose. "I'll kill that creature," he muttered numbly.

Grabbing the wood, he crawled to the door. The wind's madness bid the slight noise of the moving binges.

Quicker now, leaving a trail of mud and leaves as a wake, Frank made his way to Paracelus. His back was toward the crippled intruder. Frank got to his knees and drove the wood home with a force that only despair could muster.

Paracelus gave an unearthly scream, then stooped over. He toppled to the floor and lay there quivering, his handsome features contorted in agony. In a second he was dead and began to decay—stench, skin turning green, brittle bones fading into nothingness.

Frank heard a faint sound. He began to crawl where Beth lay. She opened her eyes. Frank began to rejoice—until he saw the expression in those eyes.

Beth stood up and went to him, fangs protruding. He covered back and stared at her. Not daring to lower his eyes for an instant, he slowly reached over and let his fingers close around the piece of fence.

Beth continued to stare at him through him, beyond him.

He felt chipped paint and still-warm blood on the spike. He raised it—then dropped it, sobbing.

"I can't kill you, even though in the eyes of God I should. Go."

Wordlessly, Beth stepped out into the raging storm.

He knew she'd be back. Eventually Beth would find him, no matter where he went, regardless of where he ran. She would come to him and turn him into one of them. But somehow it didn't matter anymore.

THE END

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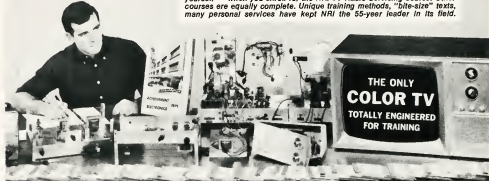
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